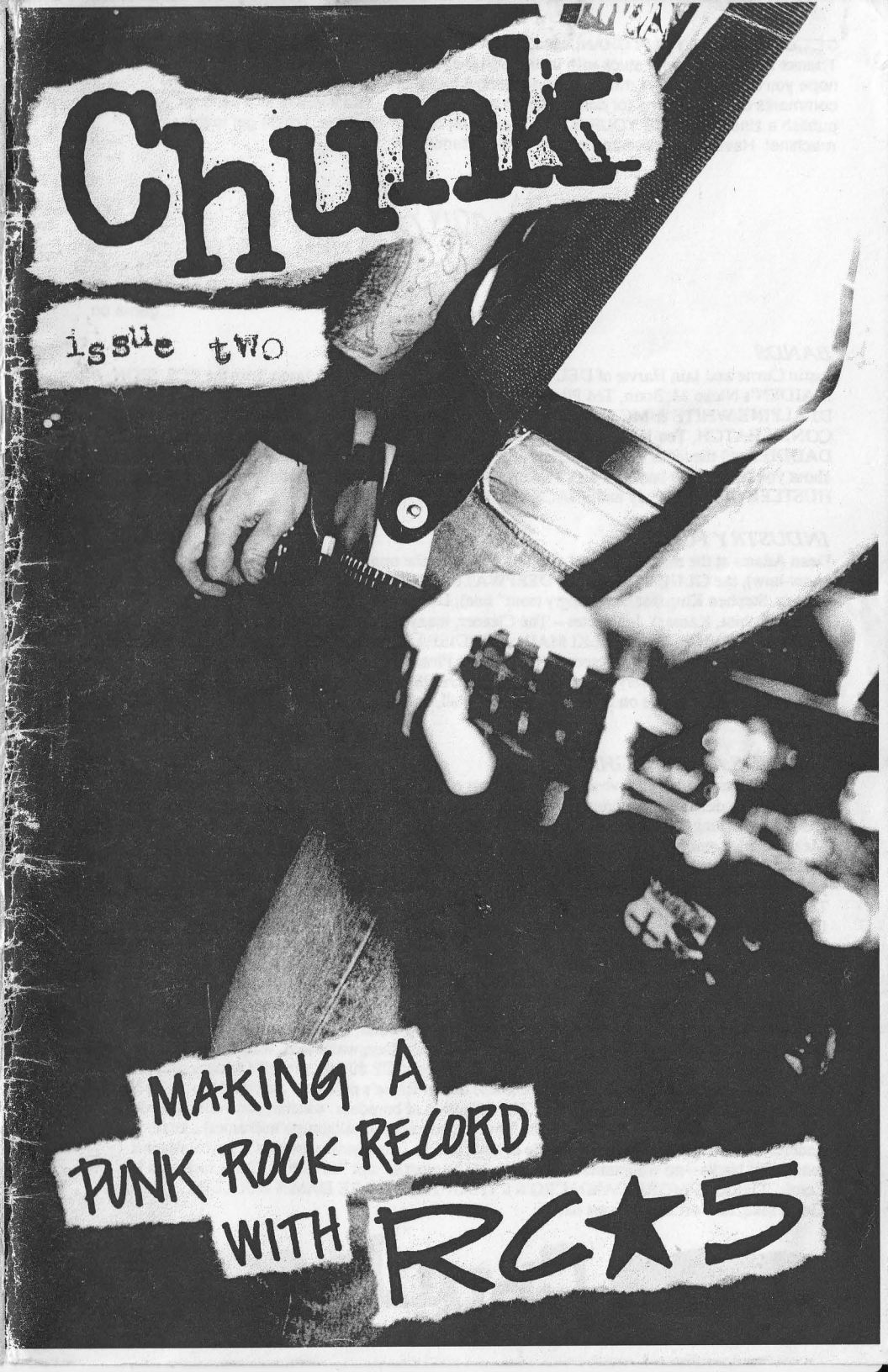
Chunk

issue two



MAKING A PUNK ROCK RECORD WITH RC★5

GET UP AND GET YOUR GRANDMA OUTTA HERE! After way too long, here we are again. Thanks to everyone who stuck with us through the lean times, and thanks to you for reading. I hope you dig this thing as much as I did putting it together. Feel free to write us with any comments or suggestions (or contributions) you might have, and if you're in a band, or you publish a zine, SEND US YOUR STUFF! We reply to all mail. Now, I gotta get to the copy machine! Have one for me and put it on the Underhill's bill...

...game on...

BANDS

Justin Currie and Iain Harvie of DEL AMITRI, Erick, Rob, Todd and Jason from the RC5, IRON MAIDEN's Nicko McBrain, Ted Pilot of FIFTH ANGEL, Nigel Tufnel and THE LOVELY LADS, DJ ALPINE WHITE & MC FISHBELLY (they got alla the flava and nunna the culla), the boys from CONEY HATCH, Ted Kamp from PONTICELLO (y'all stomp some ass), Zach Cooper and BONE DADDIES, all the fellas in ASSJACKET, the rock n' rollers in SWEET FANCY MOSES (but how about you write a guy back, for fuck's sake?), Graham ("Daddy Rock") Satterlee and CUSTOM HUSTLER (R.I.P), Thordy and SHACKLEBRACKET

INDUSTRY FOLK

Dean Adams at the mighty METAL DETECTOR (for the original inspiration and giving me the know-how), the GLUE STIC people, DEEPWATER BREWING COMPANY in Chelan, Zip Gibson, Stephen King (for the "hungry trout" line), DOOBY'S TAXIOLA and THE BRAIDWOOD INN (Witchita, Kansas), Joe Spates -- The Cleaner, many thanks to the hearty troopers of the US POSTAL SERVICE, Don at ALKI MAIL AND DISPATCH, Mr. Webster and Mr. Roget (for the dictionary and the thesaurus, respectively), Donald Pleasance, Scott Bunker from SMITH BROTHERS FARMS, everyone at 7 HILLS RECORDS and BUTTERMILK STUDIOS, Liberty Bell Printing, the Kinko's on 3rd – nice machines y'all, and special thanks to Dan Rydell and Casey McCall

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

First of all, a huge blast of love and gratitude goes out to Ms. Tanya Firman for all your hard work, generosity, understanding, companionship, lasagna, grilled cheese sandwiches, great conversations and early mornings and late nights. I love you. Everybody down at THE REGAL BEAGLE, Meadowlark Lemon, Gern Blanston, Ted Brogan, Bill Braske, Oliver Clothesoff, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison for pushing the issue, the mysterious SHADOW BUNNY, special props to 'Ol Bill Deal, Hot Carl, Bryan Fellow, Evel Kneival, Bizarro Lynn, Turd Ferguson, The Tortured Borley Nun, Amy Mack (for showing me how to pull a fat shifty), Steve "Steamin'" Clark for all your help and valuable words, two points for THE HICKORY HUSKERS: Whit, Rade, Buddy, Everett, Merle, Ollie, Strap and Jimmy, and to Jack Lemmon: you were one of the greats, man. May you rest in peace.

RANDOM NOTES

This issue was produced with the help of Lake Chelan tap water, Hav-A-Tampa Jewels, Starbuck's triple Caramel Machiatos, Rainier Beer and Green Death, Deepwater Red, wide leg (good greens and some pretty rough shwag), Coca-Cola, Pabst Blue Ribbon, OE 800, Campbell's tomato soup, Jack Daniel's, Maker's Mark, ranch dressing, the fine line of Reese's products, and tater tots...If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you...The definition of boredom: watching an entire episode of Behind the Music on Huey Lewis and the News...remember: drinkamugo'milkameal...never underestimate the power of stupid people in large groups...the grass is green where you water it more...big bucks—no whammies...listen up! It's "strength," not "strenth"...Don't fuck with Mr. Zero!...THERE'S MORE DAMN CROWS THAN THERE ARE DAMN BULLETS!...and for God's sake, take off that silly-ass hat!

IN THE STUDIO WITH RC5

"That whole tour with Zeke was a fluke," says RC5 guitarist Todd Ohashi, "just perfect timing. I mean only four months after releasing a full-length on a UK label, Zeke asks us to tour Europe with them? Yeah, we'll go!" Seattle's RC5 grabbed this golden opportunity and took their hard-edged punk rock all over that continent last year, supporting *American Rock 'n' Roll* (Twenty Stone Blatt Records).

They rocked from Spain to Denmark, to Milan and Switzerland. Saw the Berlin Wall, a bunch of fistfights, and a soccer riot. They played to insane crowds in Croatia, kicked ass in Slovenia and Zurich. "And we finished the tour with a sold out show in London on a Saturday night," Ohashi says, obviously grateful for the shot. "It was amazing," he adds and "Zeke totally took care of us." He characterizes it as "relentless touring" and their drummer Erick Erickson describes France as "le Suck," but I get the feeling they wouldn't trade that tour for all the Marshalls in the land. And these boys love their Marshalls.

Opportunity rarely knocks twice, they say. But it did for RC5, and they didn't hesitate to answer. This time, it came in the form of 7 Hills Records, a local label who wanted to christen their brand new facility (ButterMilk Studios) with the band. According to Ohashi, the label offered to record a "real quick one-off 5-song EP" and give it national distribution. There wasn't much to do but thank their lucky stars (again) and get in there and record. And they did just that.

The band was gracious enough to let me tag along for the weekend and try not to get in the way. We rolled up to a quaint, unassuming little home on Seattle's Capitol Hill, wondering if we had the right place. Around back, in a beautifully converted garage, we found it. Colin Davis, ButterMilk's engineer/producer ushered us in to one sweet little gem of a recording studio.

words and photos by JRO

As the boys were getting set up, Davis sung the praises of the custom 32-channel mixing board ("one of only 80 in the world," he notes, adding "this one used to belong to Teddy Pendergrass"). They obviously didn't cut any corners in putting this place together; it's comfortable and fully decked-out.

Everyone's eager to get going, and in minutes, Erickson's hammering away on his drums and Davis is rearranging mics and taking levels. Ohashi hits his chest letting Davis know this is a huge part of the RC5 sound. "We really want to be able to *feel* them," he says. "You'll feel 'em," comes the reply. The time is fast approaching and everyone can feel it, but first the band needs fuel.

"I'm officially high...caffeine," singer/guitarist Robb Clarke says, looking like he's still trying to fully wake up. I hear him say "I've got that coffee headache" just before we all break to go get (wait for it...) more coffee. Everyone gets their required dosage while bass player Jason comes back with rice krispy treats the size of paperback books. Whatever you gotta do, man. It seems everything is in place.

We're all in the control room as Ohashi plugs in and warms up. "Sounds like our boy," Clarke announces, looking around, a grin washing over his face. Todd's meaty guitar sound pounding through the speakers has an immediate effect on everybody, and you can feel the anxiousness level raise a few notches. Davis, tending to the sea of knobs in front of him, states matter-of-factly, "God I love Gibsons." Heads nod all over the room.

Jason, a true live wire, is ready to go with a freshly-strung bass the moment the guitar sound is dialed in. He tears out some rumbling bass lines and a handful of riffs and in minutes he's ready to go. "God DAMN that sounds good!" he yells through the studio glass, cackling like a Hell's Angel with a fresh bag of trucker speed. He's chomping at the bit now, primed to tear the lid off the place. His excitement is contagious.

Erick and I step out for a quick breath of fresh air while Robb is tuning up, and before we know it, Jason pokes his head out the studio door and says solemnly "It...is time." Erick climbs behind his drum set as last minute tics are being dealt with. Todd's going over his piercing opening riff to the first song. Jason's clutching his bass with fire in his eyes. "Let's get to work!" he roars.

Engineer Davis gives the magic hand signal from behind the glass and the time is upon us. The band launches into the punishing "Got a Weekend," unleashing some of the pent-up eagerness that's been steadily building since they loaded in. It's a punchy speed-rock song that shows the RC5 can be catchy while pounding you in the midsection. Todd and Erick agree that Take 1 was a "good run," but they know it can be better. They attack Take 2 vigorously, working out some kinks and end up with a solid, biting take.

There's some discussion here about whether Todd should do full-on solos now or fill them in later. Robb, a punk rock veteran, offers his advice: "If it feels good, then do it." That seems to make too much sense to discuss the matter any further. Jason offers his opinion: "Let's do it again." And they do. After the 3rd Take, Jason says "that was fuckin' A#1 for me, right there!"

They decide to hear how it sounds on tape and Jason wants to pay particular attention to his bass track on the 2nd take to see "if I'm too sloppy." During playback, studio owner Lawrence Norman comes in and is pleased with the early results. He notices that each of the takes clocks in at right around three minutes. "It's an epic!" laughs Robb, knowing that most of RC5's stuff is like this: quick, fast blasts of tight rocky punk. The verdict after review was that Jason wasn't too sloppy to let it go, and that Take 2 was the keeper.

And that's how it goes in the studio with these guys. Bang out three or four takes for each song, check for any glaring errors and move on. No studio trickery to worry about, no effects, no tiresome arguments about "atmosphere." Just four guys blowing out some of the best loud and fast Gibson-powered punk rock you've ever heard. Period.

Because these guys go balls-out on every take, they probably couldn't be studio wizards even if they wanted. After seeing the veins sticking out of Robb's neck as he sings and Erick belting his drums as soundly and as violently he does, it's clear there's no way these guys would have the energy to do dozens of takes for every song. "After like three times, it starts to go downhill anyway," Erick says as he wipes off a faceful of sweat.

Next up is "Our Generation," a song that Erick describes as "abusive." After a few takes, Jason wonders aloud if they shouldn't speed it up a little. "Yeah, maybe a little faster, a little harder," Erick contemplates. "Let's take this one into fucking outer space," decides Jason. And with that, this *already* souped-up punk rock song gets a kick in the ass. A few more passes later, Todd is concerned that he's "fallin' outside the edges a bit," but by the looks on everyone's faces, it's evident that that's what they were going for. "That's punk rock, baby," laughs Erick.

At this point, I take my leave, and the band stays on to hammer out three more songs. I show up the next day and by about 3:30 in the afternoon, the only thing left to do is some backing vocals and a final mix. Jason's anxious to do his part, strapping on headphones and getting up on the mic. "You're gonna have to call security for Jason," jokes Robb, acknowledging his bass player's energy. He and Todd do a few takes, and the backing vocals really beef up these songs, adding even more brawn.

One song in particular, though, takes on a whole new light with Jason and Todd's back-up vocals. When they add their guttiness to "Go Go Girl," the song absolutely comes alive. Now, a lot of bands sprinkle every other song with hollering gang-vocals, but on this song, it's done right. It punches up the chorus, pulls the whole song together and goddamn if it didn't give me fuckin' goosebumps every time they hit it. Without question, my new favorite song. This is gonna be one barnstorming little EP. The folks at 7 Hills Records made a helluva choice to get the RC5 for their maiden voyage.

I suspect that this is the way a record should be made. Show up, set up, tune up and GO. RC5 take a decidedly blue-collar approach to the process. They cut to the chase and pound everything out with no frills and no studio doctoring. These guys are not technicians. They're rock 'n' rollers. And those kinda guys make the best records.

Couldn't Have Said It Better Myself...

"Xenophobia doesn't benefit anybody unless you're playing high-stakes Scrabble. On the other side of the coin, be it the rupee, the drachma, the peso, the bachsheesh, the wampum; the favor of inclusion deserves the courtesy of assimilation. Make the effort. It's poor party manners to come to live in this country and then have a hissy fit because the parking signs aren't posted in Hmong, okay? And don't get uptight because your college is teaching courses on Emerson and Thoreau instead of 17th-century Javanese goatherd poets, alright?! Don't take your kid out of school because her third grade class made colored Easter eggs, but didn't conduct any Druid rituals. You're an American now, so open the closet door and start hanging up your pants and shirts. Yeah, this country's founding fathers are a bunch of dead rich white men, but they did set things up so you could come here and sit at the table, so don't piss in the finger bowls, alright?! Thank you. In return for unfettered economic opportunity and no government death squads, try to get along with your new Stepmother land, and don't be resentful if there's a set of house rules already in place. Go with the flow. Pay your taxes. Speak the language. Garlic is NOT a cologne and for Christ's sake, left lane fast, right lane slow!"

-From the track "Ethnicity" from the 3-CD set *Ranting Again* By Dennis Miller

Got an opinion? Story idea? Comment? Complaint? Suggestion? Wanna contribute?

Get a hold of us, then! Write a letter, send a postacard, or e-mail us at the below addresses. We like mail. And we reply to everything. Believe it or not.

Chunk

Editor: Jason R. Olcott

Staff: Troy Nesvacil, Forrest Wilson, Merick Hill, Sean Gamal, Ernie Toledo, Charles De Mar

Contributors: Michael Schimpf, Mike Aruki, Janey Tassajara, D. Ray Morton

Photo Dept: Jason Olcott, John Vinson

Tech Master: Steve Clark

Lettering, Spiritual Boost: Tanya Firman

Proofreading, Design, Layout, Production, Promotion, Circulation: Jason Olcott, Ford Prefect

Chunk is published quarterly by Ambush Publications. *Copyright May 1, 1987*

Publicity:
Bands who wish to appear in this publication should send any and all pertinent info to the below address. Thanks.

Advertising:
For information about advertising, please contact Jason Olcott at the below address

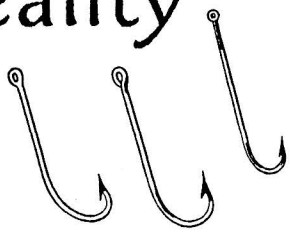
Important Copyright Notice: No part of this magazine may be reproduced in any way, shape or form without the expressed, written consent of the NFL

Chunkmag@yahoo.com

2445 55th Ave SW Seattle WA 98116 (206) 932.5143

Suspension of Reality

(Or, How I Punched Giant Hooks Through My Skin and Hung There For About An Hour)



By Michael Schimpf

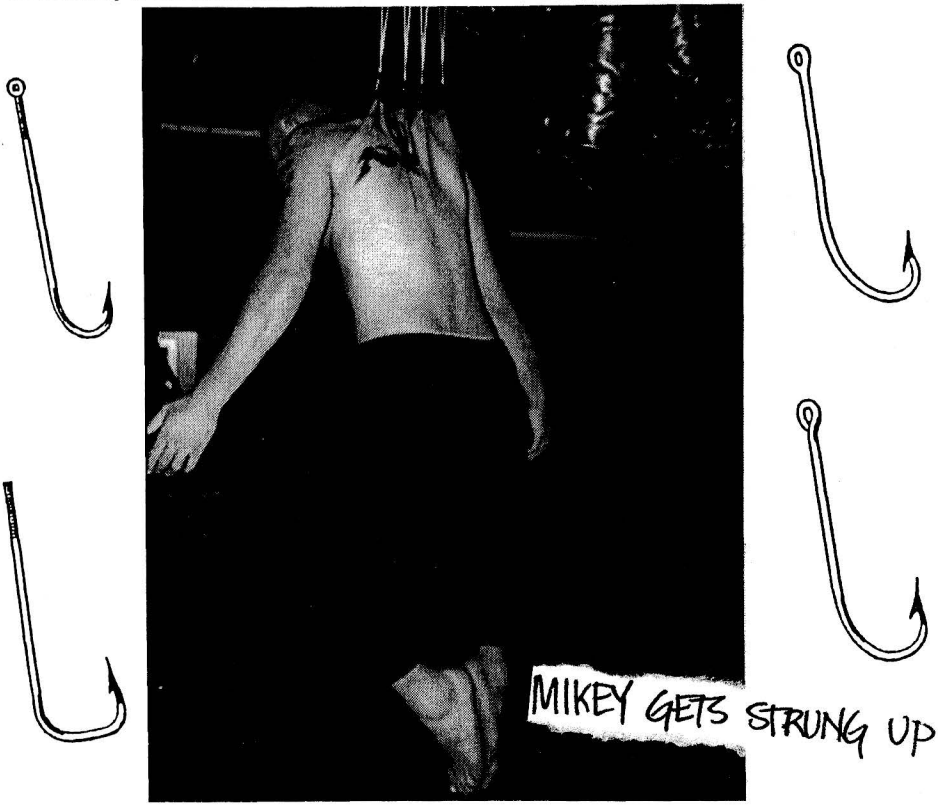
What is body suspension? Depending on who you're asking, body suspension could be defined in many ways. I've heard it labeled as "insane," "torture," "masochism," and "just plain stupid."

Body suspension, at least for me, is a means of reaching an inner stillness, much like meditation. This method, however, trades incense and candles for chains and hooks.

The intense pain causes an endorphin rush which, in turn, leads to a very peaceful, pleasant feeling. I suppose the incense-and-candles method is easier, but the chains and hooks add a definite realism to the whole thing. There is just something about taking yourself closer to a limit than logic and reason would dictate.

Using the flesh as a vehicle for spiritual experience is nothing new. I first saw this sort of thing on a PBS special when I was about ten years old. Some African fellows were using sharp sticks through their chests to declare that they were MEN. This was/is a rite of passage in many cultures.

For all of you who've read Nietzsche or even seen "Conan the Barbarian," you will be familiar with the saying "that which does not kill us makes us stronger." I, for one, can definitely vouch for the accuracy of that statement.



The technical aspects of body suspension are as follows:

A.) Pick Your Poison

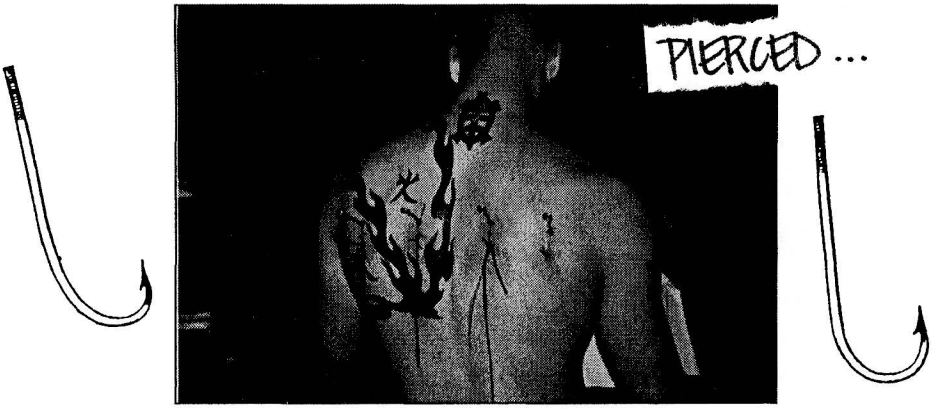
A method is chosen based on your body structure, pain threshold, experience level and even your personality. I chose a "suicide style" (two or four hooks in the upper back), which is considered an intermediate-level suspension. At 6'4" and 215 lbs., four 10-gauge hooks were needed. I must note that since body suspension isn't exactly a widely accepted practice, the necessary equipment must sometimes be procured from unlikely places. Our hooks came from the fishing industry; mine are used for catching sharks in the 80-pound range.

B.) Getting Hooked

Once the equipment is chosen, the area is cleaned and marked with surgical pens. The entire process is sterile, much like a reputable tattoo parlor or piercing studio is. Next, the skin is grasped to pull it away from the muscle tissue. After a deep breath or two, hook placement is secure. Mine were done two at a time by two different professional piercers. While I am getting "hooked," the riggers are adjusting the hanging apparatus.

By this time, I am starting to grasp the extent of the ordeal I am now undertaking. The pain hasn't been nearly as bad as I imagined though.

Now that the rigging is secured, thick cords are run through the eyelets of the hooks and attached to the rigging itself. I am then given a chain to hold. The chain goes to the pulley that will raise me up. I am informed that I am to do the pulling myself, which makes me a little anxious, to say the least. After a bit of breathing and focusing on pleasantries, I am ready.

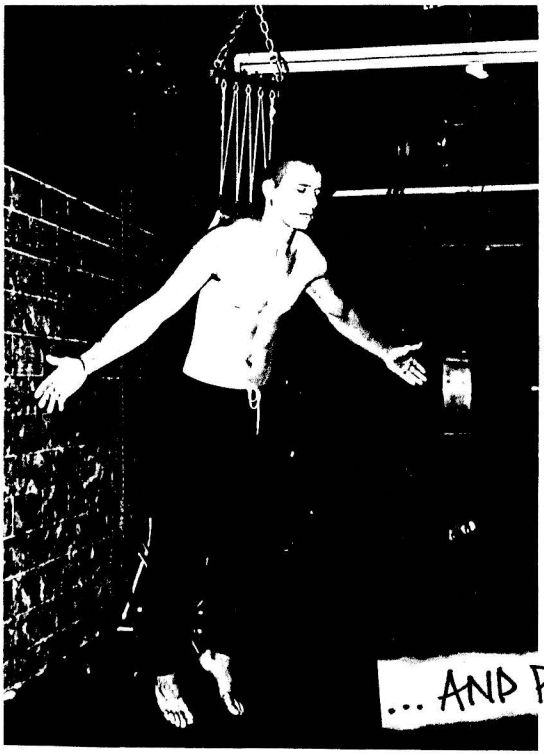


C.) Up, Up and Away

I start tugging the slow-moving pulley and feel my skin tighten with the movement. I can't help raising up on my toes as I am pulling myself up. A few more pulls and my toes leave the floor.

I am now suspending by hooks through my skin. The reality of the situation is overshadowed by a level of pain that I don't remember ever experiencing before. I am almost overtaken by an extreme burning sensation. My fight-or-flight response kicks in and I want the pain to stop NOW. But this feeling only lasts for a moment. As if a switch has been thrown, the discomfort suddenly recedes. It is replaced by a deep calm. I now feel relaxation coming in waves through my entire being. I am motionless as if dead. This stillness eventually becomes unsatisfying and I desire movement.

I start swinging like a pendulum then progress to spinning like a top. When the two movements are done together and coupled with an increasing traction effect, the resulting sensation borders on euphoria. My awareness of space and time is pretty much gone now. There is nothing but rhythm and movement. The drums playing in the background are laced with static, and this is somehow very soothing.



D.) Back to Earth

After about an hour or so (they tell me) it's time to come down. My lower back is complaining a bit from all the traction anyway. As my feet touch the floor, I find gravity and bodyweight to be an uncomfortable combination now. I need to adjust back to planet earth for a moment or two. My mind is racing with a host of new stimuli. I think I need to sit down. When I do sit, the hooks are removed and the skin is "burped" to remove the air. Sterile dressings are applied as I pause to reflect.

Wow. I can hardly grasp what I have just done. Another of the "suspendees" (there are about 30 of us at this convention), a girl, comes to tell me that my suspension was "beautiful." It is then that I feel the bond that has developed between all of us. I am now part of a new group. On a more physical level, I am tension-free everywhere. Even though I was completely sober, totally free of any sort of intoxicant the whole time, I feel now like I'm "on something."

I can't seem to shake the calm mindset that I've entered. I think that I now have a better understanding of the term "purification through pain" because I definitely feel closer to my creator at this moment.

In closing, I will say that I have absolutely zero regrets or ill effects even now, seven months later. I plan to do a more advanced suspension next time.

About the Writer: Michael S. Schimpf, PTA, is a healer/therapist from Chicago. He teaches yoga and performs rehab and bio-energy treatments for Flo Health and Fitness in Indiana, where he now resides. He is well aware of how wishy-washy this may sound to the uninitiated, and quietly and confidently stands by every one of his health methods. He's one of the most mentally- and physically-fit guys you could ever meet. He's a bright and funny guy, plus he's got this thing that can make grilled-cheese sandwiches that plugs into the cigarette lighter in his truck. He can be reached at: Flohealing@hotmail.com

If you've got specific questions about suspension, or you'd like to set up your own experience, contact Allen at: Obscurities Piercing, Dallas, Texas. 214.559.3706

Blowing off Steam

(one guy's opinion)

After yet another sickeningly close call at the crosswalk, I've got something to scream about. As citizens, we had better take a good hard look at our government's invasive tendency to "take care" of us, and we had better do it quick. Because every day our overprotective government babies its citizens is another day we as a people become weaker and less capable of even looking out for ourselves.

Take the seatbelt law, for instance; a prime example of the Law telling YOU what's good for YOU. (What's next? Are they going to tell you what breakfast cereal to eat because it's better for you?) With this law in place, the responsibility of taking care of yourself is taken out of your hands in put into the (ticket-writing) hands of the Law.

So what, you may ask. What's the big deal? Well, the big deal is this. I'd be willing to bet that people increasingly buckle their car's safety belts NOT because it's a good idea, but because they're threatened with punishment at the hands of their government if they don't. Do you see where this is heading? Our government's laws are taking the all-important focus away from common sense and putting it on concern for what the Law mandates we should do.

Do I have hard numbers and respected long-ranging research to back up this notion? No I do not. What I do have is a handful of real-life experiences that show me that people are becoming alarmingly lazy in areas that they shouldn't. As people become more aware of their government's role as Protector (or Punisher) and less focused on personal responsibility, things start to slip. Things like common sense.

Which brings us to the heart of the matter. The crosswalk. And the pedestrian right-of-way law. I can tell you from first-hand experience, it's doing more harm than good. Sure, there should be certain protections in place for those of us who decide to hoof it; walking to the corner market shouldn't be a death-defying free-for-all like I've seen on the streets of Mexico. But the responsibility for the safety of the person who decides to step out into a street lies solely in the hands of that person. Not the drivers on that street. Not the Law. The onus is on the pedestrian to make smart decisions.

More and more, I see people approach a crosswalk and without so much as a glance around, WALK DIRECTLY OUT INTO TRAFFIC. And I'm talking real traffic. Roads choked with cars going 20-30 miles an hour. On more than a few occasions, I myself have literally come within inches of killing people because they STEPPED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF MY TRUCK. And these people get angry with me! I am not making this up.

Why would someone do something so dangerous? I submit it's because they feel protected. They feel justified. It seems like some people feel *entitled* to be able to cross the street, immediately, even if that street is FULL OF CARS. Pedestrians have gotten so used to attentive law-abiding drivers stopping for them so often, they don't even look up anymore before they step into traffic. The government's threat against drivers has had a dangerous, hidden effect: a diminished survival instinct in pedestrians.

True, it is against the all-powerful Law to fail to yield the right-of-way to someone at a crosswalk. And a driver who violates this might even get a ticket. Or I suppose a pedestrian could take down the license number of a violator and try to push yet another lawsuit through the court system. But is that really what you're going to want when you're languishing in a hospital bed with a shattered pelvis and a caved-in skull? I think not.

And you know what? I don't care if you're on the corner, standing at a freshly-painted crosswalk. It's pompous and arrogant to expect multiple lanes of traffic to screech to a halt so you can stroll across the street. And it's downright stupid to trust the law so much that you throw caution to the wind and step into the street. Here's what you do. You WAIT until a break in the traffic and then you hustle your ass over to the other side. It's simple and easy and it works. I've been using this technique since I first started walking to school. In the first grade.

With all this said, I've got some helpful advice.

Memo to Pedestrians: Don't let your government's tendency to try to protect you rob you of your survival instinct. Keep your eyes open. Be careful. Look both ways. And if you see cars and trucks whizzing by, STAY THE HELL ON THE SIDEWALK. And remember, when it comes to 2,000 pounds of steel and glass motoring down the street, don't rely on the government to protect you. That's YOUR job.

-Jason R. Olcott

Mission From 'Arry:

Members of Iron Maiden Caught on Tape in Furious Backstage Argument

The following is an argument between Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson, Steve Harris and Nicko McBrain. It was recorded during the band's *Piece of Mind* tour and released on the B-side of their "Two Minutes to Midnight" single in 1984. I believe I transcribed it as accurately as humanly possible. In an effort to be as true to and illustrative of the debate, I've added some italics and parenthetical comments; these are of my own interpretation. Enjoy [The Ed.]

IRON MAIDEN

Steve Harris ('Arry; *bassist*): ...He did not deserve to get a bollicking... I know *why* he got a bollicking, because you don't really know when to fuckin' shut up about it, be he didn't really deserve it. All he's trying to do is relay a message from me to you, right? And he went the wrong way about it, okay?
Nicko McBrain *(drummer):* Yeah, he did go the wrong way about it! I'll tell you what, I mean, it ain't gonna happen again.
Bruce Dickinson *(singer):* I don't see why you get so steamed up, I mean if the truss was gonna...

photo John Vinson

Nicko: Why I got steamed up, Bruce, is because he fucked me right up and I knew there was a problem and I *still* didn't know what it was even after I fucked...I fuckin' fucked up! And I stopped and it was like "Oh, for fuck's sake! Come on, kids..." And I'm lookin' round...Yeah, *now's* the time to tell me...What's the problem?!
'Arry: Try an' understand! If I hadn't tried to get a message through to you, right? It'd been a lot worse! I got my gear done, as it happened [snaps his fingers], just in the nick o' time I got it done...
Nicko: I still didn't get the message!
'Arry: I know ya didn't! But what I'm sayin' is, what woulda happened if I didn't try to get a fuckin' message to ya?
Nicko: Sure, Steve, but the fact is that the guy was not handlin' it in the right way!
'Arry: You don't think o' things like that, Nick!
Nicko: But that's the...I'm on the other end of it, I'm on the other end. It's me that fucked up, I'm the one out there all on me own doin' a drum solo...
'Arry: And I'm the one thinking that I've got, fucking, like, a minute to go to get this fucking gear on...
Bruce: ...If someone gives a message to me, I mean, it doesn't matter who it is, I mean, the message...
Nicko: Bruce, it's different for you. You're not standing there all on your fucking own havin' somebody tryin' to get your attention and talk to ya. I'm playin' a drum solo! And the guy's standin' a yard to two yards behind my drum riser goin' "Blah, blah, blah, blahblahblah." What?! "Blah, blah, blah, blahblahblah." What?! Ughhh! By the time I got that far, I had fuckin' totally fucked. Because I'm not payin' attention to my gig, I'm payin' attention to what he's tryin' to tell me!
Bruce: Nobody woulda noticed...
Nicko: I noticed!
'Arry: I completely understand...
Nicko: Fucked me right up...
'Arry: But he was only doin' what I told him to do. And that was get a message to you. In the fuckin' heat of the moment, and everything like that, you don't think to fuckin' tell Bill [Barkley, Tour Manager]. He wants to get a message to you, not to fuckin' Bill, so he don't think of that. He just tries to get the message to you, right? So he don't fucking deserve to get a bollicking for that...I mean, he already got one, I know...I'm not sayin' that, but I just don't...y'know...He's a nice guy, it's not like he's fucking an asshole...
Nicko: I know, but he was out of order...
Bruce: ...He wasn't out of order!

'Arry: He wasn't out of order, he was wrong...
Nicko: ...He was, 'cuz he fucked me up by tryin' to tell me!
'Arry: Nicko...
Nicko: If he'd have come up to the riser, look, if he'd have come up to the riser there, I coulda fuckin' heard him!
'Arry: ...But Nick...
Nicko: The cunt was standin' behind me, I'm sittin' down! "Blah, blah, blah..."
'Arry: He was wrong, he made a mistake, but he wasn't out of order...
Bruce: It wasn't deliberate...
'Arry: He made a mistake, for fuck's sake...

Bruce: The Sneaky Bastard

photo Jon Vinson

Nicko: I didn't know that at the time, right? I still didn't know that Steve had a problem with his bass. Luckily enough, by the time I finished the poxy solo, he had his bass workin' again...
Bruce: All it takes it to go...
Nicko: I bollocked him...fuck if I'm gonna apologize to 'im! Why should I apologize? I bollicked him 'cuz he fucked me up. Rightly, he fucked me up. He was wrong!
Bruce: All you gotta do...He wasn't wrong...
Nicko: He was. He did not not handle it... he's not into fucking communicating...
'Arry: [groaning] Oh, I don't wanna fucking argue about this, it's fucking stupid. I think you're really out of order, honestly...
Nicko: No, bollocks! I am not out of order...
'Arry: You are! Your attitude is out of order!
Nicko: No it ain't!
'Arry: It is...
Nicko: No it ain't! The guy fucked me up!
'Arry: I know he did...
Nicko: Well then, that's out of order!
'Arry: He didn't mean to...
Nicko: [exploding with anger] Look, I'm not sayin' he fuckin' meant to 'Arry! [slams his fist down on the table] The fact is that he was a dumbkopf, 'cuz he don't know how to fucking communicate with me onstage...
Bruce: He is not a dumbkopf!
'Arry: He's not fucking stupid!
Nicko: Well, he fucking certainly did a good job out there this afternoon, didn't he?!
'Arry: He made a mistake...
Nicko: [Sarcastically] What do you mean he made a mistake? You sent him! How could he make a mistake?! How did he make a mistake?!
'Arry: Well, he made a mistake by not telling Bill first, right?

Bruce: There's a difference between making a human error...
Nicko: ...And I'm griefed up 'cuz he fucking made me made a mistake! Now I can understand what he was talking about *after the fact*, it remains to be seen, he was on a mission from you...right?
'Arry: I'm not gonna argue about it...
Nicko: Fuck my old boots! It just...I can't handle that situation, when people kinda make me grief, and it's important to me to get a message like that...fuckin' Hell! How can I get some kid's gig when I also fuck as well? I wouldn't have minded if I'd a' got it while it was happening, straight, like, on the other end: "Oh right! 'Arry's got his bass fucked, right, okay, we wanna do something else," then that's fine...if I didn't fuck up. But he made me fuck. It totally threw me right out, and he wasn't...he didn't know how to talk to me about it. I told him "Don't do that again."
'Arry: He's not there to relay a message to people...
Nicko: ...And he never turned round...
'Arry: Look, he could've been anybody, he was the first one I named.
Nicko: 'Arry. He never turned round afterward and said "Listen, I'm sorry, but you didn't understand what I was sayin'," right?
'Arry: Why should he?
Nicko: He didn't stand up for himself because he knew he was bollicking wrong!
Bruce: He was probably a bit upset...
'Arry: ...Because you gave him a fucking bollicking...
Nicko: ...Rightly.
Bruce: No, not rightly!
Nicko: Rightly, 'Arry! Rightly! I told him [in a very stern voice] "Don't ever do that again!"
'Arry: ...Aww...
Bruce: ...That's crazy! What happens if the lighting truss is gonna fall down on your head, does he...
Nicko: ...Well, then somebody drags me out the fucking way or else I'm dead, right?
'Arry: Your attitude is totally fucked...
Nicko: No it ain't. No it ain't.
'Arry: Yes it is.
Nicko: No it ain't! If I'd have known...Now I'm the fucking cunt all of a sudden!
'Arry: No you're not the cunt...
Nicko: ...Because I told him he was out of order, and I didn't know he was on a mission from you to tell me that his bass, *your* bass was fucked!
Bruce: All you gotta do Nicko is just go to the guy and say "Hey look, sorry about Saturday, it was a misunderstanding, but in future, tell Bill," that's all you gotta say.
Nicko: Nah...
Bruce: And that way, he's a fucking proud geezer...
'Arry: [To Nicko] What's the matter with you? Is this a pride thing or...
Nicko: No, it ain't pride...
'Arry: Of course it is...
Nicko: It's not fucking pride!
Bruce: It *is* pride...
Nicko: ...No, bollocks!
'Arry: What's the matter with you?
Nicko: [Sternly] The guy was WRONG to have been fucking THERE to DO what he DONE.
Bruce: No, he wasn't wrong! What's he supposed to do, turn round...
'Arry: ...I wish you had a different attitude, cuz this is fucking...
Nicko: I told him straight out not to do it again! I'm not gonna go out and apologize for sayin' that to him! He was out of fucking order!
Bruce: He was not out of order! If I fucking go tell someone to do something and he goes "No, fuck off, I'm not gonna do that," *then* he's out of order! And Steve goes and tells him to go do something...
Nicko: ...Listen, Bruce, Bruce, I'm not concerned with, with, with, with other people who can't fucking talk to me onstage, who don't know how to fucking communicate with me...
Bruce: But he's not out of order trying to do it...
'Arry: [Discovering the recorder in Bruce's back pocket]...Some cunt's recording this.

...and now...

Nicko Speaks!

Iron Maiden Drummer Nicko McBrain Explains the "Mission From 'Arry" Fiasco

Interview by Jason Olcott and Merick Hill

Chunk: *A friend of mine has this Maiden B-side and I gotta ask you about it. [I play for Nicko a recording of "Mission." When I ask him about it, he shushes me, listening intently to the tape, waving me off, laughing and explaining that he hasn't heard this in 10 years or more...]*
Nicko McBrain: [Laughing] I was right! I'll stand by it! I was right! You see, 'Arry sent him round to tell me to extend my drum solo because his bass gear went down...

So did you ever apologize to the guy?
Did I apologize? Fuck no!

Does he work for Maiden anymore?
[Laughing] No! [More laughs] He wasn't supposed to be behind the drum kit anyway...and instead of tellin' my drum tech to tell me; I communicate with my drum tech without talking, or if he does want to talk to me, he gets up onto my drum riser and speaks to me in my ear! Instead of, like, being three fucking yards behind me, right?

So whose idea was it to release that argument on a record?
Well, we were recording the *Powerslave* album and we were all sittin' round one night...we got a few beers down us and we got a bit high, and we were, like, reminiscing about the last tour, and that came up, this argument we had, and we all had a gut laugh about it. And [the argument] almost started again! [Laughs] And 'Arry turned round and says "Who's got the tape o' that, anyway?" And Bruce says "I've got it. I've got it at home."
'Cuz what happened was, we'd been arguin' for 20 minutes prior to that bein' recorded. And we had calmed down, me and Steve, and the argument had finished, basically. And then Bruce comes in with one o' them [points to my microcassette recorder] hidden in his back pocket.

And you can kinda tell that Bruce is, like, eggin' the argument on...
...And he wound it up again! So the whole argument started again! Then I went off on a bender 'cuz I thought, Bruce, you're a fuckin' idiot, you still don't understand, do ya? You know, somebody's pokin' me in the back with a drumstick while I'm doin' a drum solo...forget it, alright? So anyway, we got to talkin' about it and we says [to Bruce] "why don't you get the Missus to bring [the tape] out with her?" So he phoned up his wife and she found the tape, she was comin' out a few days later. Then 'Arry says "Hey, let's put it out on a B-side, whatd'ya think, Nick?" And I went "Yeah. I don't mind." It truly is funny. And this is actually the only serious argument that I've ever had with 'Arry 'Arris.

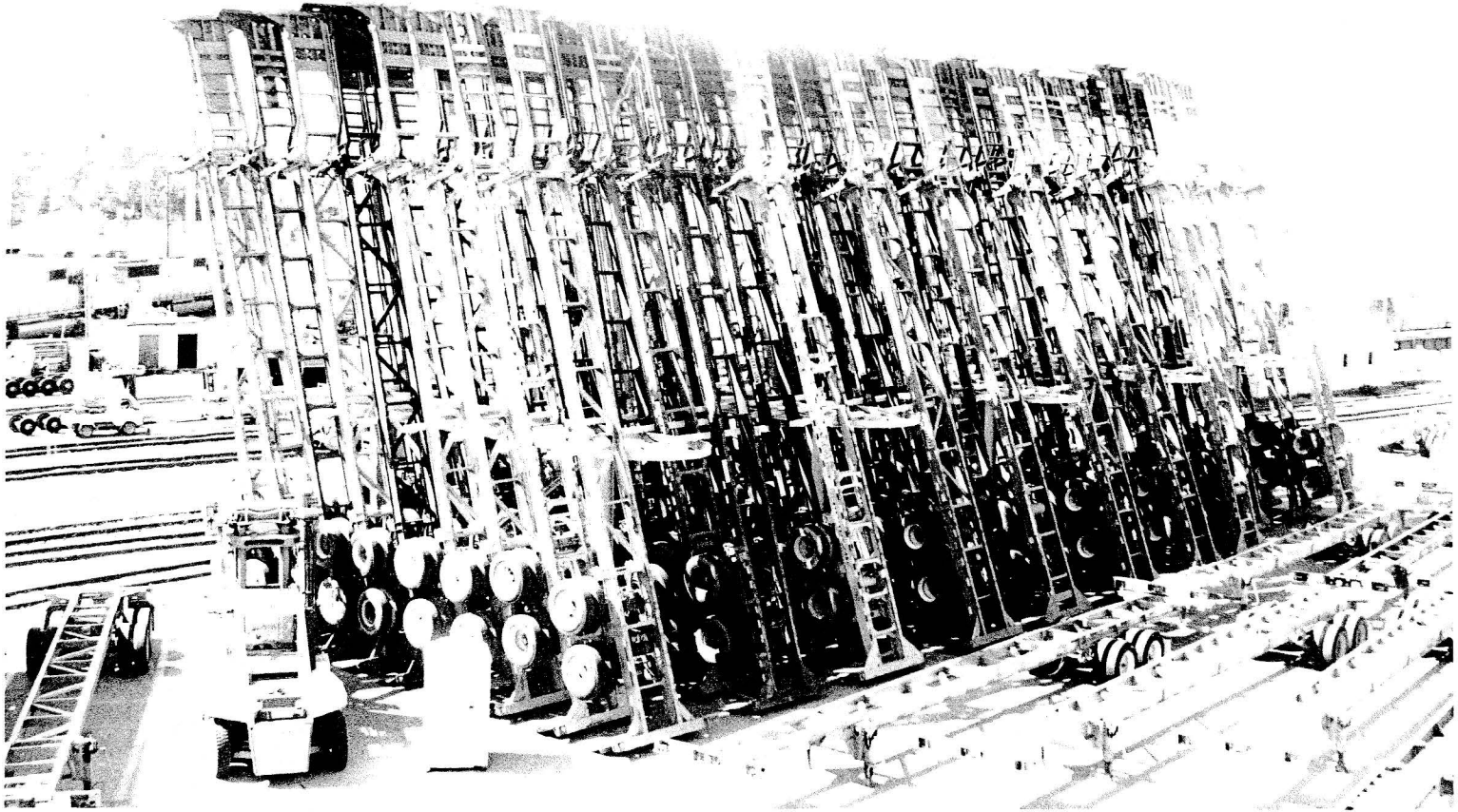
The thing I think is so funny about this is, here you have Iron Maiden, worldwide famous heavy metal band, right? Playing to hundreds of thousands of people all over the globe, and the leader of the band, Steve Harris, is desperately concerned about saving the feelings of this roadie...
...It all started when I went in the dressing room and I'm like "I don't fucking believe that!" And 'Arry says "what?" And I says "fucking roadie was comin' up to me, givin' me all this stuff and I don't know what's goin' on...I still don't know what's goin' on." And he says "I think you better go and apologize to him." And I go "you...you what?!" He says "you owe him an apology." Y'see, 'cuz I ragged on [the roadie], I told him "you ever, ever do that again and you're off the tour," and I screamed at him.

Right, and...
...So I go into the dressin' room and I go "I can't believe I just had to give him a bollicking..." And 'Arry went "I sent him." And I said "you what?!...Well, that still don't make any difference. If anything, he owes me an apology!" And that's how it started, And 'Arry says "no, you go and apologize!" And I says "I bloody well ain't!" Anyway, after this happened...you know at the very end of the argument, 'Arry turned round and goes "some cunt's recording this." It was Bruce! So, 'Arry's grabbed Bruce in a bear hug, he saw the machine, and Bruce was about to leg it outta the room with [the tape], and 'Arry grabbed him. The recorder was in his back pocket, in his trousers. So 'Arry's jostlin' Bruce and Bruce is tryin' to get away, right? So I grab the tape! Then I go to Bruce: "Is there anything else on this?" He says no, so I put it on the floor and I stood on it, to break it, right?

You and 'Arry didn't want anyone else to hear it...
Right. We just had our very first blitz argument...I'd only been in the band half a year! Anyway, I had a pair o' boots on and it went under the heel and it didn't actually break the cassette! Well, the next thing I know, Bruce has pulled 'Arry away, and he's come up, and he's hit me! In the gut! And he's picked the tape up and legged it outta the room! And now I've gone ballistic, right? And 'Arry's goin' "Nick...don't do it, don't do it!" I kicked my flight case and I said "that's it. I'm gonna have him." And at that moment, I was gonna beat up...have a fight with Bruce and leave the band.

You were going to quit the band?
Nobody, ever, resolves a problem by hitting one another. You're making music...it's almost like a love affair. You know, you don't fuckin' beat up people...if you're gonna have that sorta band, you know, I'd walk away from it. I mean, I'm there to make music with people that I love, you know, not fuckin'...

How did you resolve this with Bruce?
I went steamin' down the trailers, it was in Allentown. I was furious. I was goin' up to Bruce [fists raised] goin' "come on..." And he went "I'm sorry." And it was like [Nicko acts out Fred Flintstone stopping his car] rrrrurrhrr..."what do you mean...you're sorry?!" And he says "I've got the lyrics to a song called 'Powerslave' on this piece of tape!"
Then I've gone: "You said you didn't have anything on it, Bruce." And he said "I forgot! That's why I hit you! The only way I could think of stoppin' you from breakin' that tape was to hit ya, but I didn't hit ya hard did I?" I said "nah, but that's not the point!" We sat down and talked about it later and I says to him "let's get one thing straight right now. If you ever do that to me again, for whatever reason, I shall have you." But straight as I'm sittin' here, he had the lyrics to "Powerslave" on that tape. So I could see why he hit me...that's what I would've done!



A Thousand Words Photography

THE MILKMAN COMETH

A CANDID INTERVIEW WITH A DAIRY DELIVERYMAN

BY JASON OLCOTT

His name is Scott Bunker. He's a confident, no-nonsense man with an honesty that's refreshing. He's a straight-shooter without a hint of pretension or façade. He's confident. He's proud. He's my milkman.

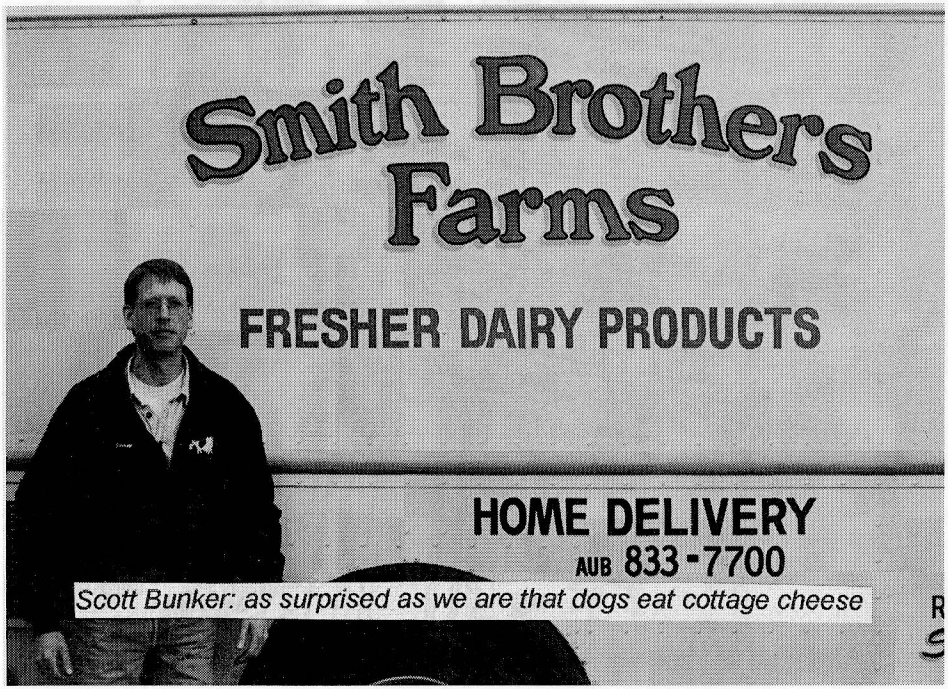
He's an independent contractor, delivering fresh Smith Brothers milk in and around Seattle. Smith Brothers have been doing business since 1920, when Benjamin F. Smith started with just a couple of cows. Now they have 3200 cows (most of which they breed themselves) and have grown into one of the largest producer- and distributor-dairies in the West. Scott brings milk, fresh from their cows to my doorstep, every Tuesday.

Chunk: I think the whole concept of delivering fresh food to people's houses is totally cool. A friend of mine's folks had milk delivered and I was just blown away, like, "they still do that?! Fresh milk at your door?! You gotta give me the number!" Plus, I'm a huge milk guy. People get older, stop drinking milk...not me. I *look* for stuff to drink milk with. So...how did you get into this?

Scott Bunker: *I kinda fell into it. My father's best friend was our family's milkman for about 30 years, and he has three sons who took over his routes. It turned out it wasn't what [one of them] wanted to do, so that route became available. I was in a job I really didn't like, and this came up. It kind of took the best of the last two jobs I had had, managing a store, and working warehouse; running your tail off filling orders.*

In this super health-conscious society where people are shying away from dairy products, is the death knell ringing for the Milkman?

That issue has come and gone several times since I've been doing this job. There's always gonna be people who want milk. It's a very wholesome product. It's just good for you. You need calcium, and there are very few things you can get calcium from. It's just a good food source.



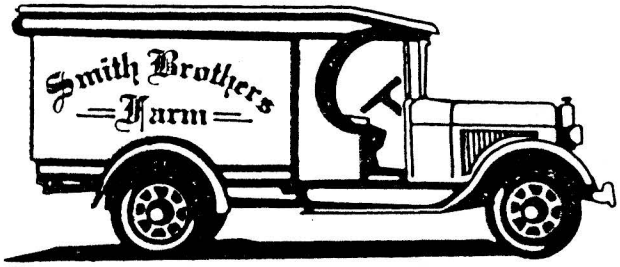
Scott Bunker: as surprised as we are that dogs eat cottage cheese

I would assume there's something very satisfying about delivering fresh food to people's homes. It harkens back to a simpler time...
Right. And my job is pretty simple, as long as you do the right things, treat your customers well, everything else just falls right into place.

I have some of the old glass milk bottles and a lot of times, I'll pour the milk you deliver right into them. Keeps it a lot colder, and there ain't nothing like a nice cold glass of milk.
Yep, and there is a definite following of milk connoisseurs out there who just enjoy fresh milk. And a lot of companies just over-process it, in my opinion, which takes a lot of the flavor out of it. What they're trying to do is build a longer shelf life for it, so they do what they call "ultra-pastuerization." But that takes some of the flavor and good stuff out of the milk. The vitamins, minerals...just the wholesome goodness of the milk is changed because of that. Smith Brothers, they're still doing it the same way they always have. Our milk may not last as long as a half-gallon from the store, but it's fresher and it just tastes better.

Let me ask you about that. If I buy milk from a market around here, where is that milk coming from, originally? I mean, where are the cows? Oregon? California?
Well, you don't know where it's coming from, really. With Smith Brothers, you always know. It's milk from their own cows. They control every aspect of it from the time they buy the calf when it's two, three weeks old to when it's a milk-producing cow. They buy them when they're calves and actually raise them.

So how does it work? You're an independent contractor type thing?
Exactly. I buy the product from them, sell to the customer, do my own billing...I'm really very independent. They offer trucks for lease; I bought my own truck and bought my own route, both of which are paid for. So this is where you start running into some actual profit.



What are your hours?
I start at home. I have my home office, I start first thing in the morning with a cup of coffee at my desk. I take my voice mail calls, get the route set up for the day, and then I wake up my family. I spend some time with them, get the kids ready, I have two very young children. It's kinda nice, every morning I spend a little time, you know. And they see me every afternoon, too, when I come home. I leave the house usually about seven, seven-thirty and finish up my route about three.

What's your favorite part of the job?
Dealing with all the different people is really fun. I mean, some people just don't go anywhere, they're elderly or whatever, for one reason or another, they look forward to me coming every week. And that's kinda nice to be able to talk to people that otherwise would not have a whole lot of contact with other people. And just the independence is really a good thing for me. I'm a physical labor kinda person. I'm pretty much a workhorse, always have been, and it's a very physical job, so it's satisfying.

How about your least favorite part of the job?
Well, that probably would have to be the weather. And that's really not that bad that often. We're pretty mild. It gets pretty uncomfortable some days, but it's tolerable.

I assume that because you're delivering right up on people's front porches, that might get a little dodgy at times...
Oh yeah, you see people scantily clad, at best, whisking by sometimes.

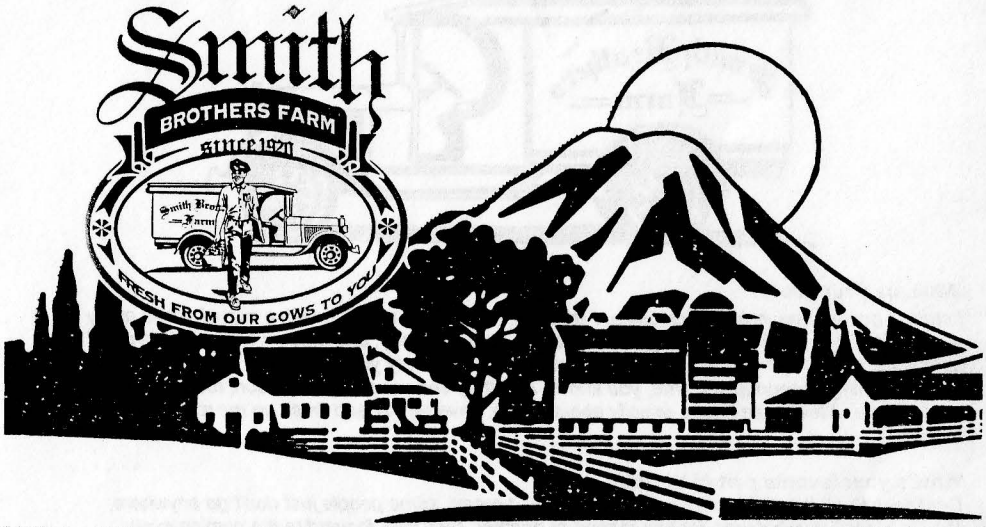
Any off-the-wall deliveries?
I do have a gal who has me bring five pounds of cottage cheese every week for her dogs.

How about your memorable experiences delivering? Ever been chased down by a dog?
Oh, I've been bitten three times. Actually, the score is three to one. I've been bitten three times, but I did run over one dog. Very unfortunate, actually. Younger Black Lab, it had gotten in front of me, barking, jumping around. This was in my old truck, and I didn't have a lot of visibility right directly down in front of the wheels. It was a full-grown dog, but it was acting like a puppy - obviously didn't have the wisdom of being out on the street. It was terrible. Just a terrible thing. That was bad. I did have one customer who kept telling me that I was only leaving them one quart of half-and-half, when I knew I had been delivering two. So the next time I went, I noticed this St. Bernard across the street. I'm looking at him and he's just staring at me. So I drove off, went around the corner and came back. That dog was actually waiting for me to deliver, then he'd go over and steal one of those quarts. And I caught him, right in the middle of the road. He stopped, looked at me, dropped the half-and-half and took off running.

If you weren't a milkman you'd be...
That's hard to say. Retail management, maybe...

(Mockingly) "I'd be in prison, man, or dead..."
Yeah, (in a hesher voice) "man, if it wasn't for this job..." See, I'm not a college grad, I took college courses, basically to acquire skills, not to get a degree of one sort or another. So, I'm pretty limited as far as what I really am qualified for...well, I don't know about "qualified for," but as far as a resume, it's um, pretty weak.

Well, it sounds like you found a pretty good gig. I mean, you're personally delivering good *fresh* food from a *local* company, you interact with people, you get to be physically involved in your job, make a decent wage...
Just the satisfaction of it is great. You basically can spend as much money as you make. I'm not out to be a millionaire. I really don't have any use for a whole lot of money. I just don't need it.



COALITION INDEPENDENT MUSIC STORES
CIMSMUSIC.COM
EASY STREET
NEW & USED
CDs & RECORDS
QUEEN ANNE
20 MERCER STREET, SEATTLE
(206) 691-EASY
WEST SEATTLE
4559 CALIFORNIA AVE SW, WEST SEATTLE
(206) 938-EASY

The BIG Thirteen

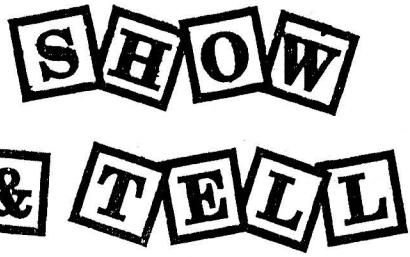
By Jason Olcott

For this issue's installment of The Big Thirteen, I decided to rack my brain. Reveal myself. Rejoice in my twisted musical youth. I wanted to try to come up with a list of my all-time favorite releases from Seattle artists in my collection, no matter how obscure. Now, some of these titles aren't too well-known and some will surely be scoffed at, but these recordings, for one reason or another, are near and dear to my heart.

1. **Culprit** ***Guilty as Charged*** **(Shrapnel Records, 1983)**
Without question, the ultimate metal album to EVER come out of the Pacific Northwest. And one of the very best metal albums ever released ANYWHERE. I'm serious. This thing is nothing but grinding, pummeling metal from beginning to end. Any metalhead worth his salt can back me up on this one. If you've ever heard this, you'll know how monstrous "Ambush" is, how monolithic the title track is and how "Tears of Repentance" begs repeated headbanging. I do it,I'm tired of listening to this on tape. Somebody, please, release this on CD.

2. **Crisis Party** ***Rude Awakening*** **(No Wonder Records, 1989)**
Dirty sleaze-rock supreme. The kind of messy, loose, blues-based rock n' roll you'd expect to come from a band of junkies from New Orleans on a week-long Southern Comfort bender. This album came from a band of Seattle junkies and booze-hounds with a full stock of Cisco malt liquor. Priceless. If you can find it, get it.

3. **Fifth Angel** ***Fifth Angel*** **(Epic, 1986)**
Originally released on Mike Varney's guitar-heavy Shrapnel Records and quickly snapped up (and cleaned up) by Epic, this 9-song blast of classy heavy metal thunder seemed to come out of nowhere. Word is, these guys were a studio band from the Eastside, and when they hit, many in Seattle had never heard of 'em. Guitarists Ed Archer and James Byrd fuel this collection of muscle-y powerhouse metal with alternating doses of raw punch and soaring, technical prowess, while vocalist Ted Pilot blows the doors off the place with his hurculean lungs. And with the perfect, booming time of bassist Kenny Kay and drummer Kenny Mary, this monster album comes together, song after aggressive, pounding song, to form a near-perfect exercise in musical brawn and teeth-gritting virtuosity. One listen to "In the Fallout," a balls-out heavy metal spearhead, and you gotta catch your breath. And that's just the first song on the record.



4. **Show & Tell** *Show & Tell* **(demo, 1987)**
Probably the weirdest entry onto the list, this band and this 4-track demo tape threatened to ignite a full-on glam blowout in Washington state. Didn't happen. But these guys took their cheeky, hook-y riff-rock as far as could be expected: into the annals of Seattle Rock lore. Ask around Seattle about their drummer, ex-Accused guy Josh, or their guitarist Jimi St. Bitchin, and you'll know what I mean. Lead singer J.J. Shantell's hilarious self-mocking lyrics ("I'm A Big Deal," "She's an Actress") and his band's unapologetic, over-the-top fun glam rock approach (in *Seattle*, fer chrissakes) is to be applauded.

5. **TKO** *In Your Face* **(Combat Records, 1984)**
Holy crap, it's straight-ahead rock n' roll! This is ten songs of gutty rock n' roll, powered by the burly, howling lungs of 'Bad' Brad Sinsel. Who woulda thought that some band from Seattle could come up with such a solid hard rock album, complete with believable dark, street-wizened overtones? Taste the streets of Seattle. Go find this album.

6. **Heebie Jeebies** *Heebie Jeebies* **(demo, 1990)**
Okay, this tape isn't really from Seattle, but it does come from the state of Washington. This band was probably the most accomplished of all the bands in my college hometown of Pullman (go Cougs). These guys play the most catchy, fun, harmonica-infused pop-rock I think I've ever heard in my life. Not only do I bring this tape on every road trip I take, but I listen to it every time I'm in the mood for a rock n' roll hoedown. A clear, clean, fun 9-song trip through catchy country-tinged sing-along pop-rock, this tight little package never fails to delight. And sometimes when I listen to "Big Red Barn," a surprisingly rousing tale of regret, I tear up. This demo RULES.

7. **Metal Church** *Metal Church* **(Elektra Records, 1985)**
Wow. Have you heard this album? Jesus Christ. There was obviously something very dark and heavy going on just south of Seattle, down in Kent or Auburn or wherever these guys are from, back in the eighties. This is one of those metal albums that sonically kicks you in the fucking head. And in the back. Pounding metal from guys who cut their teeth on Sabbath and Venom, but still knew the value of a decent chorus. Lead singer David Wayne shows himself to be one of the very best/most menacing wailers in the land, and mixed with this sonic firepower, he shines. As a metal album, this is one of the very best. Still.

8. **Forced Entry** *Thrashing Helpless Down* (demo, 1987)
Showing the world that some of the very best thrash metal could indeed come from the Pacific Northwest is this band, who made the denim-and-leather-clad unwashed masses stand up and take notice. Three guys from Mountlake Terrace took the underground by storm way back when with this four-song demo, and with good reason. They introduced the concept of multi-dimensional, *interesting* thrash metal to a generation of straight-forward headbangers, who knew nothing but all-out speed. In one song they could give you pummeling bass drives, punk rock speed and/or sludgy grind, and flavor it with tales of giant snakes, future chaos, or warnings to "thrash or die!"

9. **The Posies** *Dear 23* (DGC, 1990)
Watch as we shift gears right here. This is a pop album. And not only that, it's a chorus-heavy jangly-pop album. With songs about relationships and introspection and introspection about those relationships. Yeah. But I'd be lying if I said I didn't LOVE this album, and know all the words. I'd also be lying if I said that some of those introspections didn't help me see things I otherwise wouldn't have seen without this album. I love it for that, and for the beautiful Beatles-esque pop songs. God this is a good album.

10. **Mistrust** *Spin the World* (Coma Records, 1986)
A great, no-bullshit hard rock album outta Seattle. No pretensions, no outfits, no guitar-god egos, just nine songs of gritty hard rock love, led by (ex-Culprit) vocalist Jeff L'Hheureux.

11. **Queensryche** *The Warning* (EMI, 1984)
I don't know what it is about this record that draws me back to it time and time again. Yeah, you could point to the aggregate musical talent that these five musicians display and the deliciously dark heavy metal contained herein, but there's something else. Some little something that I feel might be intangible. It's more of a mood thing. I don't want to get too touchy-feely here, but when the Seattle sky closes up and we're in the midst of the grey, drizzly wetness, it just feels right to put this on.

12. **Mother Love Bone** *Apple* (Polydor, 1990)
What hasn't been said? Thirteen songs of peaks and valleys that I will willingly travel again and again. A masterpiece.

13. **Panic** *Epidemic* (Metal Blade, 1991)
Gets the nod for its unique full-throttle approach. Lost of bands are fast. Lots of bands are crunchy. But this band (and this album) perfectly blends blinding speed/thrash metal with straight up rock and roll...and it works! Really well. Such a simple concept, sure, but I've never heard it done quite so satisfyingly. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that this was produced by The H-Team, Exodus guitarists Rick Hunolt and Gary Holt. Whatever. At once groovy, fun *and* crunchy and whirlwind fast, this album pounds you over the head while you shake your ass. Works for me. And when they blast through the Kiss song, I love it that they sing "I stoled your love."

Honorable Mention: **Evil Chuck** *Me and My Rock* (demo, 1993), **Talk's Cheap** *Talk's Cheap* (demo, 1990), **River Jordan** *River Jordan* (demo, 1990), **Coven** *Boneless Christian* (Ever Rat, 1993), **The Lemons** *Marvel* (Macola, 1993), **RC5** *American Rock 'n' Roll* (Twenty Stone Blatt, 2001), **Laura Love** *Z Therapy* (Octoroon Biography, 1990), **New American Shame** *New American Shame* (Atlantic, 1999), **MxPx** *The Ever Passing Moment* (A&M, 2000)

The Way I Remember It

It was a blazing hot summer day and me, Troy & Sherry all had the day off. Without too much deliberation, we decided to tackle The Butte. Now, The Butte is something you see every day when you live in Chelan, WA. A massive, sloping hillside that stands sentinel over the town, its something that is just always there. Despite this kind of looming omnipresence, we had never really spent much time on it. Until that day.

Our plan was innocent enough: we wanted to simply walk straight down the face of the Butte that looked down on the town. A friend of Sherry's drove us up the windy dirt road to the radio towers at the top & dropped us off. It was hot as hell up there as we surveyed the amazing landscape; you can see for miles up there. The sun sparkled off the lake & our little town sat there & cooked in the desert heat.

We picked a path straight down the hill that would end up right near the new high school at the bottom. Then we ate the acid.

The hillside is way steeper than I thought it would be. And the grass was a lot taller than I expected. And after walking for a good piece & not seeming any closer to the bottom, I realized just how big this monster is. On we walked.

Troy's choice of hiking gear, namely his tight Levi's, had to go. Well, half of them anyway. He needed a pair of shorts & I had a pocket knife. A few minutes of cutting against tough denim & Troy had his shorts.

I suppose the acid was taking hold when I spotted this grapefruit-sized rock that I decided I just had to have. I was planning on carrying it all the rest of the way down and putting it in my yard at home. Or something.

I tossed it to Troy to check out & began searching for more cool rocks. When I looked up again Troy & Sherry were a good 10 yards uphill from me. I was just high enough to tell Troy to throw me my rock and he was just high enough to do it. Thing almost killed me. It took off like a shot after hitting the ground. I immediately gave chase & nearly killed myself tumbling down the hill after it. This is one treacherous, steep-ass hill.

You'd think I'd learn. But no. Our next encounter with gravity -- and stupidity -- was also courtesy of yours truly. It was a fence. An old weather-beaten, broken-down barbed wire fence, leaning downward almost all the way. Hell, a kid could've jumped over it. But I had to make a big production

out of it & try to execute one of those pre-jump Eval Knieval teaser-approaches. Didn't work. Old Man Gravity took a hold of me & threw my fat ass right into that mess of old barbed wire and for the second time that day, I was tumbling down the hillside, this time wrapped in an old fence.

The puncture wounds were mild, but the blood was fucking everywhere. I probably would've flipped out at this point (the acid was full-blast by now) if Sherry & Troy hadn't been gut-laughing so hard. They laughed the entire time they were helping to extricate me from my painful, bloody barbed-wire cocoon. Bless 'em.

The rest of our journey would've been peaceful & beautiful, but uneventful, if it wasn't for another run-in with yet another fence. This time, it was Troy's turn. It was nearing the end of our journey, dusk was falling, and we were just uphill from the new high school, in an apple orchard. We were weary & stopped for a break. Troy & I faced away from Sherry, he on my left about five feet uphill from me & peed. We both finished very satisfying urinations, & relaxed. Troy leaned against a fence in front of him. Well, it was an electric fence. Blew him back about fifteen feet, facing the other way. He said all he remembers is seeing a blue flash around his arm, then landing on his ass, facing downhill. He was dazed & more than a little confused, but okay.

We were all eager to get home & sit down; at this point we'd been walking all day. In the sun. On acid. We were exhausted, hungry, thirsty & a bit tweaked by the two-fence double whammy. On we walked.

Sitting on the deck in front of Sherry's hillside home was the perfect vantage point to retrace our steps: it faces the Butte from across the valley. We ate the most amazing raspberries and strawberries I've ever tasted in my life. The flavor exploded in your mouth. We drank gallons of water. And we sat there & gazed at the Butte like we had a thousand times before.

excerpted from the upcoming book

"The Way I Remember It"

by Jason R. Olcott

available sooner or later

from Ambush Publications

'Not Particularly Fashionable'

an old Del Amitri interview is finally unearthed!

by Troy Nesvacil
and Jason Olcott

We sat down with the Del boys at the Backstage (R.I.P.) in Seattle in the midst of their 1996 marathon US tour, supporting their groundbreaking album *Twisted*. So yeah, this interview is a handful of years old, but as a fan, I just had to finally let this thing see the light of day.

From their phenomenal self-titled debut in 1985, a gorgeous stream-of-consciousness trip through the mind and heart of lyricist Justin Currie, to their pop-flavored US debut *Waking Hours* on through the moody hard rock of 1992's *Change Everything*, Del Amitri plays the chameleon. And whatever they're doing at the time, they always seem to hit the nail on the head.

The loose, live feel of *Twisted* was flying all over the place at the Backstage that afternoon. The whole club, at this point populated only by the Dels crew and entourage (a motley group to be sure) was buzzing. It was in the air, bouncing off the walls.

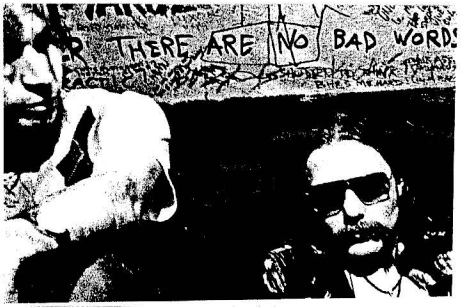
We sat down with guitarist Iain Harvie, a mellow long-hair who looks like he could get comfortable just about anywhere, and were joined later by singer/bassist Justin Currie.

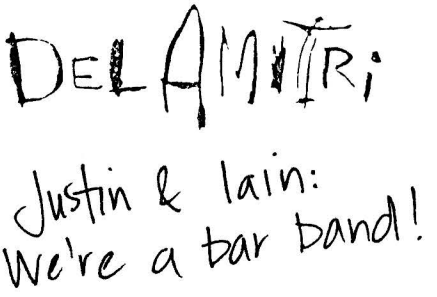
This interview was conducted by me, your loudmouthed Editor, Jason, and your Chief of Idea Genesis and Minister of Common Sense, Troy. The brain-bending task of actually transcribing the soupy garble of Scottish lingo, however, was left solely in the somewhat capable hands (?) of yours truly. I think I'm in the ballpark throughout most of this.

***Jason**: So what do you think of our fair city of Seattle?*
Iain: There's only so many towns in America that you can actually hang out in; it's one of them. Particularly down in the South, places like, like Houston [with a scowl]...

***J**: I've just spent some time in Houston...*
[Groans] I don't know. I've got sort of a thing about Houston. It seems to be at the end of an interstate somewhere...you ask somebody 'hey, is there any place to go?' and they're like [in mocking countrified accent] "yeah, there's a shop, it's like five miles down there..." We're used to cities where everybody works at the city center and everybody walks around. And Seattle's like that, so...

Iain ponders, re-ponders and answers our observations, thoughts and questions as he speaks them right off the cuff. Add to that his thick-ass Scottish accent, which probably weighs a good 40 pounds on its own, and it becomes a challenge to keep up with him. Read on...





***J**: How's the record hitting?*
Umm...In Britain, we're kind of a...as hard as it may seem to believe, we are kind of a mainstream chart band there...we've gone into the Top 20 and the album's been in the Top 40 for the last month. But that's really the only place in the world where we have that kind of attention. In mainland Europe we kinda do alright, like here...playin' to something like 500 people a night n' get a bit of radio coverage, it's cool.

Troy: *Do you have any desire to open up for a major band on a stadium tour?*
[Hesitantly] Well, we may do it but...we opened up for a while with Melissa Etheridge of all people. I don't know whose idea that was. It was horrible! I mean, you're playing these places, you're in the middle of summer, the place holds, like, 18 to 20 thousand people, and she's nearly half sold out most of the venues...so we went onstage at 7:30, the sun's still shinin' in our faces! There's 5,000 people, two and a half thousand of them are sunbathing up in the back, another 500 are getting hamburgers...so we just kind of blew that out.

J: *I'd much rather see you guys in a place like this.*
It's much more fun, I mean, we're a bar band! It seems to me that a lot of these American bands that are popular...most of 'em, to me, are bar bands. You wanna see 'em with a beer, be close to them.

Justin Currie — Not a fan of Donald Fagen

T: *Are there any songs you feel you almost have to play live?*
J: *I know when I saw the* Change Everything *tour, everyone was screaming for "Nothing Ever Happens" and you didn't play it.*
Y'see, that was a big hit in Britain, our first big chart hit. I think at one point we were so fucking sick of listening to that song –we heard it on the radio all the time, we had to perform it on every television show that was goin'—so we decided if we were gonna keep the song fresh, we were just gonna have to stop playin' it. We've played it a couple times on this tour though, and it's fun again.

J: *What's the worst part of touring? The bus? The food? It's the journalists, isn't it? Havin' to do interviews...*
[Mockingly] No, don't be silly...I'll tell you what the worst thing is. They try to wean you out of eating in the morning, make you go and try to perform acoustic songs on drive-time radio shows. The worst thing I had to do on this tour was to appear on Fox television in Chicago at, like, 7:30 in the morning: "In Bed with Del Amitri" [rolls his eyes]. I had only been in bed for, what, a half an hour at this point? I was in a terrible state. That was pretty grim.

J: *So how'd the album come together?*
Justin and I wrote about half of it together. There's a lot of acoustic stuff Justin tends to write on his own. Y'know, things like "Driving with the Brakes On," "Tell Her This." He just sits down with a guitar n' puts a song together.

T: *Who wrote "Kestrel Road?" [On the English b-side of the "When You Were Young" single - ed.]*
Oh, for fuck's sake! How the hell'd you get a hold of that one? [Laughs] Actually, I was credited with that! It came down to some record company bullshit, and we got to a point where there was a single coming out and they were insistent on a b-side. Justin got so freaked out: "we need this b-side! We need this b-side!" And he didn't have any songs at the time. So he just made up this fictitious song called "Kestrel Road" so they could print the sleeves. We had to just make something up in the studio! And this was, like, we entered [the studio] at 10 in the morning and we were leaving at midday!

T: *How did "Roll to Me" come about?*
That was one of Justin's weaker bedroom pop songs [laughs]...yeah, we wrote that and thought it was a bit cutesie, but it kinda seemed to fit on the record, so we thought, what the hell, we'll throw it on there. So of course, once it's on the record, the record company's licking their lips: "Mmm! This could be a chart single! We could take this to CHR radio!" Of course, we should have seen that coming, but...

J: So whaddya do when they're licking their chops? You know, do they lean on you and go "Let's do this! This could be a hit!"?
Yeah, well, if it IS a legitimate hit, then nobody's gonna complain about it. I mean, if you're gonna work with major record labels then there's no point in getting' at loggerheads with them. We make the music, construct the album, and they talk about what singles they want. At the end of the day, it seems to me that it's our job to make the records and it's their job to deal with it once the record's made. It seems like a part of the bargain that you just let them do that [pick the singles]. But if you want to sort of be...really maverick and you want to get unlikely records played on the radio, then you shouldn't be dealing with a major record company.

J: Take a picture of the whole music scene going on right now [24th April 1995; I told you this was old. –ed.] Where does Del Amitri fit in? Or do they?
Eh...I don't know. Things seem to have come full circle...I mean, we were so unhip for so long...

J: [Misunderstanding] ...Inept?
No, unhip, unfashionable. We were pretty inept when we started as well! [Laughs] But how do we fit in? I dunno...

J: It seems to me that there's rock and there's rap and there's metal, hip-hop, R&B, alternative, blah,blah,blah...and then there's Del Amitri – out of nowhere.
We've never really taken part in a 'scene.' In some ways I think that is really hurtful. You know, Britain, in particular, is really...there's a real tendency to sort of focus on one particular band or a particular label. They'll play all the Manchester bands for five years, and then they'll be, you know, they can't get themselves arrested now. We never sought that sort of attention anyway. We just sort of, I don't know, write songs and make records. I think partly because we were never particularly fashionable guys, not very hip people when we were younger. [Points to his short-sleeve button-up shirt on the inside cover of their first album] Evidence of that! [Laughs] So we just got on with it, and got quite good at doing something, but I don't particularly know what it is. We're pretty much a traditional sort of rock band I think [the tone in his voice implying the extension "aren't we?" -ed.] One of the things that sets us apart is certainly Justin's lyrics. I mean, his lyrics are a far cry from a basic pop band. A lot of Del Amitri isn't as mainstream as it sounds, if that makes any sense.

J: So what's a 'crow in the wheatfield' [from the band's first album]? Should I ask Justin about that?
Umm...I think that's a Van Gogh painting, but really, I don't know if that's where he got it from. [Thinks, then starts cracking up] How stupid does that sound? I mean, "what is a crow in a wheatfield?" [Laughs heartily] It's a crow, right? A bird. It flies about...[more laughter at the expense of yours truly]...

J: We were thinking there might be some obscure piece of Scottish folklore that it related to...
No [laughs], it's not, sorry. Didn't mean to be rude there...

At this point, Justin comes in, sipping water and shaking hands. Suddenly playing the gentleman, Iain handles the introductions. As the roadie warms up the band's PA with a Donald Fagen recording, Justin plops down, snags a copy of *Blitzkrieg #7* [our last publishing project] off the table and flips around until he finds the Del Amitri feature.

Justin: [skimming, reading the article aloud, giggling]: "Scottish men...befreckled, redheaded, scotch-swilling skirted giants of masculinity...and the women are, well, the same!" Ha-ha! [Giggles] I gotta meet this guy!

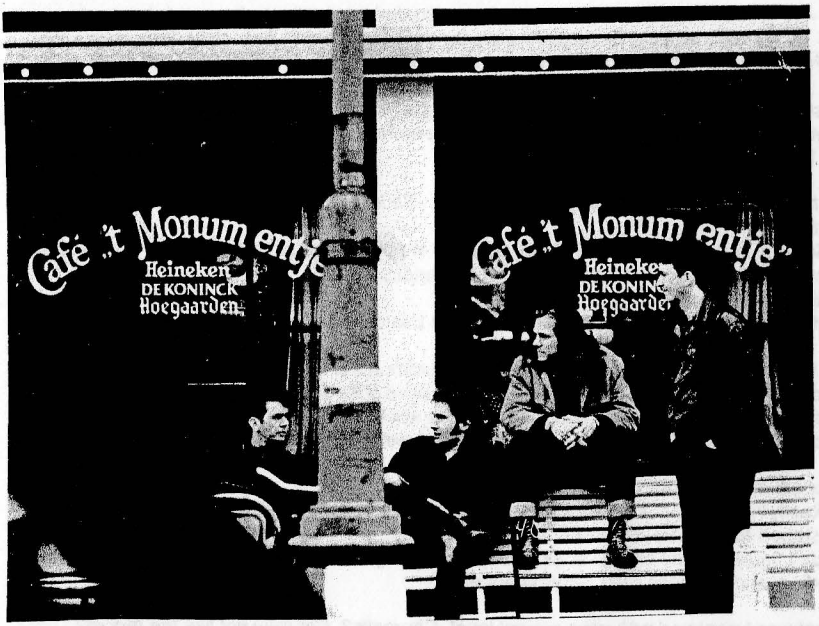
J: Yeah, that's [staffer] Merick Hill, he's a good guy. So let me ask you about a couple songs on the record...
Justin: Sure. [He then looks at the stage, playfully annoyed, and says directly into the recorder:] Please ignore fucking Donald Fagen in the background!
Iain: Yeah! [Yelling at the stage] Hey!
Justin: Hey! Enough of this! I gotta tell 'em to turn this off, because I hate this.

Justin goes to make sure the music is properly extinguished. Justin's one of those chaps that injects energy into the room immediately. Where Iain, comfortably slumped into the cushion of the club's bench seating, is a picture of the term 'kicked back,' Justin is much more charged. His eyes alive with the moment, he readily laughs and often giggles. Vitality jumps off the man. [He soon returns, visibly relieved, and eyeballs the band's first album laying on the table...]

J: Brilliant album, it is. The whole record.
Justin: Really? Oh, dear. I do like it, I really like it, but I don't listen to it as a Del Amitri record. I actually listened to it before we left [for the tour] to try and work out some of the songs to play live, but I couldn't figure out the chords at all. Most of the songs don't really have chords, they're just little melodies, and the bass line always changes.

T: So whatever happened with your original label, Chrysalis? Did they not like the record?
Iain: Well, they just really didn't know what to do with it. I mean, they had this kinda indie pop record with no real singles on it. We talked about it and we said 'well, okay, let's make another record' and they were like "well...I dunno, maybe we should try an' get a single on the charts before you make another album." Screw that. You know, we weren't gonna sit around and make singles to order until one of them was deemed to be good enough.

the debut album ('85)
'angst-ridden ... and strange'



J: The music on your first record is miles away from that on Waking Hours. *Very different in just about every respect.*
Iain: It was years ago...
Justin: Well, those songs were written when we were teenagers, really. I was 19 when we started recording. I remember turning 20 in the middle of the vocal for "Heard Through A Wall." But the songs were written between '82 and '84, so...'82, I was 18.

T: A lot of heavy shit on there for an 18 year-old...
Justin: Adolescent angst. But then we kinda grew up, really...and my voice changed as well, so...

J: So that's your voice all the way through that album?
Justin: Yeah, that's me singing, but it doesn't sound like me.
Iain: You couldn't spend your whole life makin' records like that one...
Justin: No. Very angst-ridden...
Iain: ...And also strange!
Justin: And it was hellish to play live, that record, as well. We always sounded terrible live!

J: Not typical song structure at all, that album. I mean, the song starts, you start singing, and you don't stop until the song's over...
Justin: [giggling] Yeah, we had that problem. The record company used to tell us "stop writing so many words!"

J: Back to your current album. The song "Tell Her This." Fiction?
Justin: Well, no, actually, it's about the only song on this record that's quite autobiographical, personal. It's a pretty straight-forward love song, you know, but to a real person.

J: Love songs are obviously a recurring thing for this band...
Justin: ...And most of pop music as well.

J: But you sometimes seem to have almost a dark view of love.
Justin: No, it's just easier to go for a more dramatic angle when I'm writing a love song. I mean, the hardest thing in the world is to write one of those brilliant Lyle Lovett- or Randy Newman-style songs that express a really, really simple thing or to write a really simple love song. That's hellish. That's really difficult and you have to be very good to do that. And I'm not that good. So, generally what you do if you're a mediocre songwriter is you find a dramatic angle or something else you can latch onto. So that's why most of the love songs sound like they're sorta down on love. It just makes a better story, really.

BBQ (POTATO CHIP) ROUNDUP

Ruffles
Premium Bulls-Eye BBQ Original

Made with the brown-sugary sweetness of Bulls-Eye BBQ sauce, it's no wonder these chips are the biggest crowd-pleasers and the best for anytime snacking. Every chip is well-coated with that magic BBQ-flavor dust, and they're thick and rippled, so they're hearty enough to stand up to dipping. Now, it may seem like overkill to dip a flavored chip into even more flavor, but if you've ever had these babies with a good onion dip, you know that's simply not true. The mo the betta.

Tim's Cascade Style
Alder Smoke Barbeque

If you can handle the extra burliness of a thick-sliced and kettle-cooked chip, Tim's is the way to go. However, if you're looking just for great BBQ flavor, you may have to go through a couple bags to find it. You WILL find it, but Tim's BBQ dust is unevenly distributed on the chips in the bag, and sometimes a whole bag will be criminally light on flavor. They're made locally (in Auburn) "the old fashioned way" (so says the bag) and I suspect that ol' Tim might not have the advanced chip-dusting technology that the big boys have.

However, if you stick with it, your persistence will be rewarded in a big way. You'll run across an entire bag of the boldest, most thoroughly-flavored BBQ chips you could imagine. And when you bite into one of those thick-ass potato chunks and the super-stout smokiness of Tim's flavor hits you, you'll be glad you hung in there.

Rave
Outback Smokey BBQ

Our lone Canadian entry (thanks, T!) into the round-up, the folks at Rave seem to know exactly what they're doing. The chips are slightly thicker than average and the flavor is a delicious, potent balance of sweet and smokey. Where these chips really shine, however, is in the remarkable amount and top-to-bottom consistency of the flavor. Every single nugget in the bag is double-coated with the stuff. If you don't watch it, you'll eat the entire bag in one sitting, like my staff-writer Forrest does. He wipes the dust on his fingers off on his pants. You're gonna want a nice, damp hand towel.

Lay's
KC Masterpiece Barbecue

A beautiful chip to accompany, oh, an egg salad sandwich and a bowl of tomato soup. The extra-thin Classic Lay's chip (the granddaddy of all chips) has been covered with a generous helping of KC Masterpiece-infused flavoring for light, crispy snacking. Since they're not big, brawny slices of potato, they're perfect for going with something else. And the sweet, spicy flavor goes well with a ton of things (like peanut butter, or grilled cheese, or tuna, or...)

By JR Olcott

restaurant reviews

Easy Street Café

4559 California Ave SW 206.938.EASY

Truth be told, I go more for the total package than just the food. I mean, come on, it's a full-service café/espresso bar attatched to a *record store*, fer chrissakes. And for my money, the coolest record store in town. So there you have it.

I usually roll in on a Saturday or Sunday morning, get myself a cup or three of their buff-ass coffee, check out their mondo magazine selection, enjoy the live DJ they (sometimes) have, grab a bite to eat, then go over and spend the rest of the a.m. looking through record bins. The beginning of a fine day.

The food is a bit dodgy; sometimes it really hits the spot, other times it's just passable. Some things are consistent, however: the bacon is always thick and well-cooked, the syrup warm and rich and the milk ice cold. And no matter what happens with your meal, there's always a record store right there.

-Charles De Mar

Pegasus Pizza and Pasta

2758 Alki Ave SW 206.932.4849

You could have just finished a full Thanksgiving feast, full to the gills with turkey and stuffing, walk by this place and get hit by the heady aroma of their magical pizza, and by god, you'd seriously want some. The nose doesn't lie, and the proof is in the pizza. This is some of the very best I've ever tried, from the buttery crust to the just-the-right-spice in the tomato sauce to the creamy layers of cheese and fresh toppings, it rarely gets any better. Their Greek and Caesar salads are crisp and lively and the things I haven't tired (but seen many times) like the Lasagna, the Manicotti and the Canneloni, look delicious.

-Janey Tassajara

Liberty Deli

2722 Alki Ave SW 206.935.8420

I've never been to NYC so I don't really know how authentic this New York-inspired deli is, but I do know they make a solid sandwich with premium Boar's Head Brand cold cuts on fresh, hearty bread. The portions could be a bit more on the generous side, but with one of their crunchy, garlicky dill pickles and a bag of Tim's chips, I've never left unsatisfied. They've got fresh pasta and potato salads, cole slaw and soups too.

But the real reason I come here is for the regal soda pop selection. Yeah, they've got waters and beers and juices and Snapples and Sobes, but the pop is where it's at. Four coolers chock-full of everything from Green River and Orange Crush to Ginger Ales, Root Beers, birch beer, black cherry soda, vanilla creams, Vernor's key lime soda and something called Big Red. And the (glass) bottles of Coca-Cola, the king of all sodas, are the extra-sweet kind that are exported down to Mexico. Sweet. Indeed.

-Charles De Mar

Chelan Café

3527 Chelan Ave SW 206.932.7383

If you're in need of a good ole diner-style breakfast and you're in West Seattle, do yourself a favor. Head down beneath the bridge and get to the Chelan Café.

As soon as you're through the door and you're swimming in that wonderful short-order breakfast aroma, you'll find yourself in the midst of a waitress whirlwind. It's an amazing sight: what seems like dozens of (smiling) ladies are rushing to and fro, hauling around massive armloads of plates. Since everyone is so busy, you may just find yourself standing there for a while before you get sat. Be patient, good customer, the wait will be worth it.

Whether it's an omelet you're after, or pancakes, chicken fried steak or bacon and eggs (the Chelan is one of the rare places that can execute the almost perfectly-poached egg, by the way) you've come to the right place.

Sure, the gravy could be heartier and the milk a little colder, but these are minor grievances when you consider the quick, friendly service (don't be surprised if you're called "darlin'" or "sugar" – a definite plus) and the absolute hash brown perfection.

-Mike Aruki

Zines

Zine editors: Send us a copy of your mag. We'll review it. Then we'll send you a copy of ours.

The Seattle Vulture

(Modern Media 6523California Ave SW Seattle, WA 98136-1879/seattlevulture@hotmail.com)

Some of the funniest shit I've ever seen. The El Duce interview, The Hair of Rock, This Place Sucks, The Hot Dog review. These are all parts of a sweet little cut-and-paste operation that isn't afraid to throw six to ten pages of weird clippings, rants, photocopies of old baseball cards, random ramblings and record reviews, in magazine form, on the floor of your local record store It's free. If you see #4, pick it up. I will.

-Mike Aruki

The Seattle Vulture (#4)

(6523 California Ave SW #251, Seattle, WA 98136-1879/seattlevulture@hotmail.com)

My excitement at finding this latest issue (at Shorty's downtown) quickly faded when I realized how long it's been since OUR last issue – this fucker has put out TWO issues of his zine since my last one came out. Shit. Anyway, enough of my problems, onto this anniversary issue of the Vulture.

Once again, pleasingly sloppy layout, with a kind of scattergun approach to everything – contents, aesthetics, proofreading. Amidst the haphazard mix of reviews, rants, columns and cartoons are all kinds of random photos (the Nick Nolte mug shot is priceless), weird graphics and out-of-left-field clippings.

It's all fairly well-written, if a little rambling at times (which can be funny), and the layout's a nice, messy treat. Check it out.

-Jason Olcott

Leg Show

(legshow.com)

I'd like to say that this is a stripped-down, no-bullshit, good old-fashioned dirty magazine. Great photos of pretty women wearing pantyhose, beautiful shoes and occasionally less. And it *is* that. That is good. Fair enough. But there's also something else going on with this magazine. Apparently, a lot of the guys out there who read this also have some serious issues to deal with. They like to be physically and mentally abused by women. I guess they see the female leg as some sort of crushing device and they desire, for whatever reason, for a woman to dominate them. To be physically beneath them. Some guys who write in to this magazine want nothing more than to be hurt and humiliated by some woman. And there's contact addresses in here for that sort of shit. I don't know. The idea of anybody telling me I'm worthless and then kicking me in the balls has never sounded very cool to me.

-Jason Olcott

Perfect 10

(perfect10.com)

Now *this* is a stripped-down, no bullshit magazine. Stylish, classy photos of all-natural, non-airbrushed gorgeous women in various lovely states of undress. That's it. Nothing (really) dirty, and no bullshit whatsoever.

-Jason Olcott

'I've Never SEEN Anything Like This in Boxing!'

Holyfield-Tyson II Deconstructed

One night, not too long ago, kicking around drinking some beers, me and *Chunk* Tech Wizard Steve "Steamin'" Clark decided to throw on the Tyson-Holyfield II video. Titled "The Sound and the Fury," but universally remembered as "The Bites Seen (Very Clearly) Round the World," this bizarre slice of athletic weirdness is truly a remarkable piece of video. And, as we discovered that night, the audio is just as incredible.

You remember the fight. You know about the controversy surrounding this bout, and certainly you're aware of the vicious attack Mike Tyson delivered with his teeth. To hear it while it's happening, amid the confusion and chaos, is one thing. But *to read it* is something else entirely. To go over it, in black and white, hammered out (pretty much) word-for-word in (pretty much) plain English, really brings this freakish spectacle into sharp relief. And to read the exasperated comments erratically spilled forth by some of boxing's most respected commentators, well, it becomes clear just how insane this whole ordeal was.

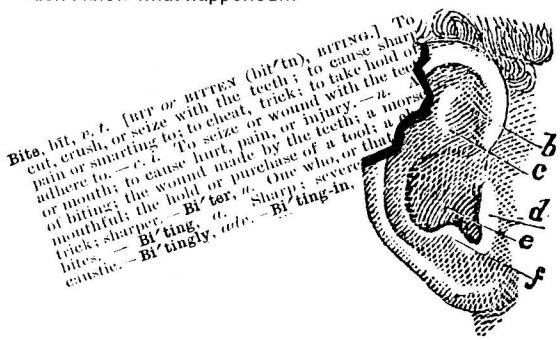
Everything that follows is put down verbatim. Believe me, I spent hours transcribing this as accurately as humanly possible. Admittedly, there are a few exceptions. Anything that is obviously redundant or unnecessary has been culled. However, direct quotes, no matter how obtuse, from the fighters, the managers and Don King, have been wholly retained. Obviously, all text manipulations (italics, etc.) are mine. Anything in brackets is also mine. Pauses and time lapses are notated with ellipses. –The Ed.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance):
Bobby Czyz (pronounced 'Chez'): Fight Commentator
Steve Albert: Brother of Marv, Fight Color Commentator
Ferdie Pacheco: Former Fight Doctor, current Fight Commentator
Jim Gray: Hard-Line Interviewer Supreme
Mills Lane: No-Nonsense Fight Referee
Evander "The Real Deal" Holyfield: WBA Heavyweight Champion
John Horne: Co-Manager of Mike Tyson
Don King: Don King
"Iron" Mike Tyson: WBA Heavyweight Challenger

We now join the proceedings after the fateful, blood-spilling third round, watching the HBO slow-motion replay along with our well-decorated commentating crew:

BOBBY CZYZ: I can't believe what I'm seeing, fellas! They're going in real slow-motion, and Mike gets him in a headlock, and look at this, he just reaches in and bites him!
STEVE ALBERT: [Interrupting] Its...it's over! It's over! During that replay...Mills Lane signaling that it's over...I think they've just about had enough. Tyson showing desperation in biting Holyfield two times. *[Chaos breaks out in the ring now, after the disqualification is announced]* Look out now! Fighting in the ring after the end of the fight! Tyson's trying to get at Holyfield again...It is complete bedlam as Tyson is just taking swipes at anybody in front of him!
FERDIE PACHECO: The police are coming in by the squad, here! And they're still fighting in there!
ALBERT: It's a fiasco in the ring...there's the security, trying to hold Tyson back...
CZYZ: ...This is the most unbelievable spectacle I have ever seen...

PACHECO: ...It's just impossible to conceive...
ALBERT: ...Tyson's bodyguard fighting with the security...the crowd in stunned disbelief here...
PACHECO: ...I'm beginning more and more to believe Tyson is a confused individual, he is mentally confused...
CZYZ: ...I think it goes beyond confused, Ferdie, it goes beyond confused. I can't understand it. Mike was having his best round. He was getting to Evander, he hit him with some great shots...I don't know what happened...


Bite, bit, v. t. [AFF. OF BITTEN (bit'tn), BITING.] To
cut, crush, or seize with the teeth; to cause shar
pain or smarting to; to cheat, trick; to take hold of
adhere to. — v. i. To seize or wound with the tee
mouth; to cause hurt, pain, or injury. — n.
of biting; the wound made by the teeth; a morse
mouthful; the hold or purchase of a tool; a
trick; sharper. — Bi'ter, n. Sharp; severe
bites. — Bi'tingly, adv. — Bi'ting-in,
caustic. —
b
c
d
e
f

bite (bīt), *v.t.* [*p.t.* bit, *p.p.* bitten, bit], to grip, to cut with the teeth; to eat into; to sting, smart; to corrode: *v.i.* to take the bait: *n.* the act of sinking in the teeth; the resulting wound; the seizing of bait; a mouthful.

HBO runs crystal-clear slow motion replay of Tyson's very obvious second biting attack on Evander Holyfield, as commentators commentate...

CZYZ: ...Let's take a look at the second bite. Now, he's already bitten the man once...
PACHECO: ...It's impossible to believe this happened again, but it did! Just keep your eyes on Mike's mouth, as much as you can, because you will see it...now you see he's got his hands...and he's got...right THERE, he's got his mouth on...SEE IT? SEE IT?! It's a shark bite, right there! That is incredible! Look at the reaction again from Holyfield! He can't believe it! He got the second one on the other side!
CZYZ: ...You know what? If I were Evander, I woulda kicked him. I don't know what woulda held him back...

HBO shows the up-close bite clip again...

PACHECO: ...Let's look at it again...
CZYZ: ...Watch Mike...He'll come inside...This is the second bite of the round! Right on Evander's ear!
PACHECO: [Incredulous] I've never, never SEEN anything like this in boxing...
CZYZ: ...I can't understand it. I'm sure there will be suspensions and bans galore.
ALBERT: What a wild scene here at the MGM Grand. Just a shame that it has to come to a conclusion in this fashion. Mike Tyson resorting to biting tactics...And he STILL wants more as he's being held back...Just an awful display here by Tyson...
CZYZ: ...I'm nothing short of shocked, Steve. I am speechless. I have no response for what I have just witnessed.

The ring, now packed full of trainers, managers, press, bodyguards and police, erupts once again, as HBO broadcasts. Tyson is shown shoving and throwing punches at anybody near him.

ALBERT: ...Mike Tyson has apparently lost his reason, his rationale! He seems possessed right now! He cannot be brought under control! It is just bedlam above us...
CZYZ: ...Mike is still being restrained!
ALBERT: ...Has Holyfield been ushered out of the ring? I can't even see him!
CZYZ: ...Holyfield just came past us, Steve, he is out of the ring. He is clear.
ALBERT: Let's go over to Jim Gray...

Gray is in the ring, set to interview Referee Mills Lane, who is sweat-drenched and quite obviously tweaked by the bizarre proceedings, but still very much composed and hard-nosed...

JIM GRAY: Alright, thank you very much, Steve Albert...I have Mills Lane...Mills, why did you stop the fight? Because of the first bite on the ear or the second?
MILLS LANE: The second one! The first one was a foul and I took two points. The doctor said he could continue. So then it continued. Then he bit him on the other ear! I told him, I said "One more time like that, that's it, you're gone." I told 'em both, "Knock the rough stuff off." And he bit him again! I said "that's it, you're gone."
GRAY: As Holyfield leaves the ring...the condition of the ear...could he have continued and did you disqualify him because of the foul or because he couldn't continue?

LANE: Oh no, I disqualified Tyson for the second foul! I told him "Do not do that again. If you do, you're gone."
GRAY: So he could have continued. The physical condition of Evander Holyfield was such of you that he could have continued had you not disqualified Tyson...
LANE: ...Well, I didn't ask the doctor...I never reached that point! I wasn't gonna ask the doctor! That wasn't the question! That kinda foul...if he...you gotta take a position sometime, somewhere. That was it!

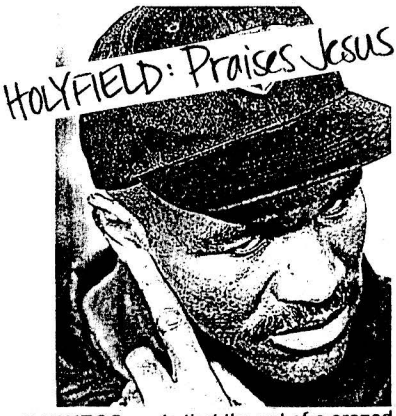
HBO breaks to live footage of Tyson and his entourage roughly pushing their way through the crowd heading toward the dressing room...

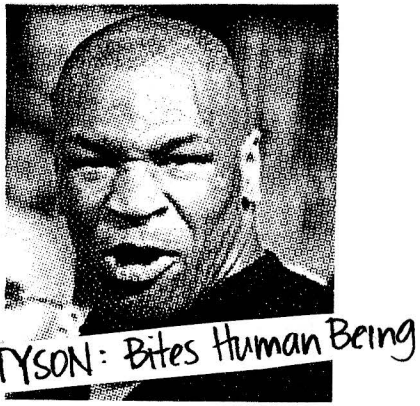
GRAY: ...Pandemonium breaking out here as Mike Tyson is leaving the ring...people getting knocked over, our camera goes down...Mills, let me continue here...Mike Tyson's people and Tyson are going to say, I'm sure, you didn't call a foul on the head-butt which caused the eye, and this could've been a retaliation by Tyson...
LANE: ...*I called it a butt*...
GRAY: ...But you didn't take a point...
LANE: ...An unintentional butt, you don't take a point! Unless it occurs a second time...There's a difference between an unintentional butt and a bite!
GRAY: Do you feel as though that's what Tyson was doing, however, that he was retaliating?
LANE: I do not know. You'll have to ask him. I respectfully do not know the answer to that.
GRAY: Obviously disappointment, Mills. Gotta be disappointing for you to have it come to a conclusion like this as well...
LANE: ...You know, you play the hand you're dealt and do the best you can with the cards, that's all I can tell you.
GRAY: Alright, Mills Lane, thank you for your time. Let's send it back now to Steve Albert.

ALBERT: This crowd, still stunned...Everybody just standing around in disbelief...
CZYZ: ...This is the most amazing thing I've ever seen, Steve...
ALBERT: ...He just totally lost all reason...we're still trying to get back there to get Evander Holyfield, but it's a terrible scene here because several of our camera people have been knocked around like rag dolls, their equipment damaged. And so we're trying to, uh, recuperate, re-group, and try to get some equipment and a person back there. Oh, we understand now that Ferdie Pecheco is ready with Evander Holyfield!

Break now to Pacheco and Holyfield in the bowels of the MGM Grand, out in a hallway...

PACHECO: Alright, Evander Holyfield. Two bites on each side, one piece is missing outta your ear, your plastic surgeon said. Your reaction?
EVANDER HOLYFIELD: Well, first of all, I gotta give praise to the Lord, and you know, Jesus, Lord, and you know, I'm still the champion, and he still get the glory, and, ah, you know, the things that happened didn't have to happen, ah, you know, you know, I was beatin' him and, you know, he spit out the mouthpiece and bit me on the ear...





PACHECO: ...Is that the act of a crazed man? Because to bite you twice is a little crazy...
HOLYFIELD: ...Well, you know, the whole thing is that, you know, you know, in the first one, you know, my corner, you know, told me to just keep cool and I thought about that, you know, a distraction would happen here and [they] told me to, you know, just, you know, just, breathe deep and just concentrate on Jesus. And I went back out there again and I caught him with good shots and he bit my ear on purpose again!

PACHECO: How could he bite your ear with a mouthpiece? Spit it out and...?
HOLYFIELD: Spit the mouthpiece out! He spit the mouthpiece out, and bit me on the ear for the last time. You know, the whole thing is that, the whole thing is that, you know, really, the only chance that he thought he could is just go, my own opinion is that, you know, the whole thing is right here bleedin' and ah, and this guy continues to foul...I'm thankful that we have a referee like Mills Lane to see the situation that this thing is intention...you know, it's just, it's just amazing...
PACHECO: ...Would this rule out a rematch? It's stupid to ask you right now...this guy lost his marbles...Is a rematch possible or are you so mad you wouldn't even think about that?
HOLYFIELD: Well, you know, the whole thing is that, you know, I have to concentrate and I have to think, you know, have to think about the situation, 'cuz, the big thing is to, to, you know, the rules and regulations...but the rules, you gotta understand when a person deliberately bites you constantly and trying to, and trying to break my arm because, you know, in the corner, he's just doing illegal tactics. You know, Mills Lane said, you know, "break." The whole thing is that, you know, he sees a way to get out of the fight, to foul, cuz, you know, you're gonna get disqualified instead of fighting through. Obviously, that don't show no courage whatsoever. Everybody know how to get out the fight. All you hafta do is foul, you'll get yourself out. Then you say, "well, he didn't beat me."
PACHECO: Would you say this is the act of a desperate man? Would you say he was desperate in there? Is that the word, you think? To cause a guy to do something so unusual?
HOLYFIELD: Well, the whole thing is that, I truly believe that fear...fear...fear itself cause people to do the easy thing, the quickest thing to get out. Obviously the whole thing is that we in the fight already, so why do you have to bite somebody? If you feel that you could whup me, why you can't whup me with the gloves on? This is a boxing match. This is not a rumble, when the fight is over then you get brave and you really wanna fight. You had a chance to fight. Why you gotta bite me on my ear? I just give praise to the Lord that it's not worse than it is. I thought that my ear had fell off.
PACHECO: Well your plastic surgeon here says a piece is missing out of your ear, which mean you'll have to have a plastic repair. And either ear, since human bites are so dangerous, have to be taken care of tonight at the hospital.
HOLYFIELD: I look forward to going to the hospital. Good thing I got a doctor.
PACHECO: [Rushed] Alright, good, I mean, remarkable, uh...Let's go to Gray.

GRAY: Alright thank you, Ferdie. We are outside of Mike Tyson's locker room, there is utter pandemonium going on here. Finally a little bit of some quiet. John Horne, co-manager of Mike Tyson joins us right now. John, this is a scene like we have never seen before. It was totally out of control. What is the situation inside of that locker room and can you ascertain why Mike bit Evander?
JOHN HORNE: Well, I'm not gonna even comment on that until I see what really happened. But all I know is this: Evander has been head-butting Mike for two fights. Head-butting is a foul. A complete foul. But it's been happening so often, so long that when a person head-butts another person and cuts both of their eyes, it becomes a common thing, and okay to let that go.
GRAY: Was this a retaliation?
HORNE: Evander turned it into a street fight a long time ago! A long time ago! And I'm not gonna even get off into it until I understand everything and see what happened. All I know is Mike got a cut over his eye three inches long, Evander got a little nip on his ear that don't mean nothin'! And that's the bottom line! He jumped around like a little BITCH! That's what he did. Okay? And Mike didn't do nothin.' Mike didn't complain, he didn't say nothin', he didn't ax the man to stop the fight...
GRAY: ...You can't bite anybody, regardless...
HORNE: ...I didn't say he bit nobody! I said, we gotta...I said when I look at everything...it's very clear Mike got a three inch cut over his eye and it's not from a punch! Okay, so therefore...what can I say?
GRAY: One is accidental...
HORNE: ...No, come on, please! One head-butt may be accidental. Fifteen is not!
GRAY: What would you have liked to have seen done by Mills Lane? This was the referee of your choice...
HORNE: ...I would liked to have seen him let the fight go! The ear ain't got nothin' to do with his fightin'! The ear ain't got nothin' to do with the fight! Ain't got nothin' to do with his arms, his legs, his hands, his body, nothin'!
GRAY: You don't need to scream at me...
HORNE: ...Mike got a three inch cut over his eye, that the blood would penetrate to his eye, blur his vision, and everything!
GRAY: ...Let me clarify it for you, since you don't know. Mills Lane said he didn't disqualify him for the first bite, because he was willing to let that go with a two-point deduction. The second bite, however, at the end of the round, is what he said he had just had enough.
HORNE: I have to see everything about it first, I can't comment on no bite or whatever the case may be. All I know is Mike got a three inch gash...

GRAY: ...Are you unhappy with the referee, Mills Lane?
HORNE: Not at all! Not at all! Has nothin'...no, no, no, not at all. I'm unhappy with all the head-butts and stuff for two fights. Mike done been cut four times by this guy, neither time by a punch! Now you tell me what that is...
GRAY: Okay John...[corralling Don King, who is walking by, as Horne heads back to the dressing room] Don King, obviously, not the way that anybody expected that this was gonna go...your thoughts on this disqualification.
DON KING: Well, I think that the head-butts was there and I think it shoulda been some type of a point taken away or something to acknowledge these head-butts...
GRAY: Don, but the fact of the matter is...the proper reaction, however, is not to bite, correct?
KING: The proper reaction IS not to bite. But I guess when a guy feels that he's pleading with the referee to give him some consideration and he don't get it, then he just goes beyond reason. And I mean, you must be able to deal with reason and practicality, but you got two athletes in there, highly passionate, very hot and ready to fight. And fight they were doing, the fight was just beginning, I don't know why it would be stopped...
GRAY: ...Let me stop you right there. You're saying Mills Lane should not have stopped the fight? On the second bite?
KING: I didn't see it so I can't comment on it...I'd have to see it...I don't want to be irrational.

A bit later in the broadcast...

ALBERT: ...Let's just clean up some business...all three judges had Holyfield winning the first two rounds here at ringside. Tyson won the third, but they had two points deducted and THEN the WBA Heavyweight Championship was faulted. I thought this was an inexcusable, despicable, illegal exhibition by Mike Tyson. What do you think, Ferdie?
PACHECO: I agree wholeheartedly. I think when you're hearing Don King try to make patch-up, he didn't see the ears. I just came from examining his ears, one of 'em's got a chunk of flesh missing about a half-inch off the crown, they're gonna have to do plastic surgery. That's not just a little bite...that is a wolf-like bite. Something clicked inside of Mike's brain. I've been saying that Mike Tyson is an unpredictable and confused young man. I don't think you can see any evidence of mental confusion and unpredictability more than we just saw there...I think, end of the story, this guy is one confused individual...

ALBERT: I'll open this up to the both of you, Ferdie and Bobby, perhaps uh, construed as an extreme statement, but is Mike Tyson's career over?
PACHECO: I don't think so. I think his big aspiration to be considered as one of the great heavyweights is gone. I don't care what he does, he's never gonna be considered one of the great heavyweights...
ALBERT: ...You're hearing what I'm hearing! We've got Mike Tyson available for an interview right now, let's go back over to Jim Grey!

TYSON:
"This is my career!
I can't continue getting
butted like that!
I got children to raise!"

GRAY: Alright, thank you, Steve, I'm now joined by Mike Tyson. Mike, first of all, let's go in chronological order. The head-butt in the second round which opened the gash on your eye. Tell us about that first, please.
MIKE TYSON: Um, he butted me in the first round, but then he butted me again in the second round. Then, as soon as he butt me, I watched him and he looked right at me. And I saw him again, and he was goin' for...he kept going down and then comin' up and charged into me, and no one warned him or took any points for him...What am I to do? This is my career! I can't continue getting butted like that! I got children to raise! And this guy keeps buttin' me tryin' to cut me, I gotta retaliate!

GRAY: You stopped fighting immediately right there and you turned to Mills Lane and you said what?
TYSON: I don't remember. I complained about being butted. And I complained about that on the first fight! Listen, Holyfield is not the tough warrior everyone says he is! He got little nicks on his ears, he quit! I got one eye! He's not impaired, he got ears! I got one eye! Big deal, you know, he takes one, I got another one! I'm ready to fight! He didn't want to fight! I'm ready to fight him right now!
GRAY: But Mills Lane stopped the fight, it wasn't Holyfield...
TYSON: ...He didn't want to fight!
HORNE: [Interrupting] Hold up! Hold up! Don't put nothin' on Mills!
GRAY: Was that a retaliation for the eye? When you bit him on his ear?
TYSON: Regardless on what I did, he been buttin' me for two fights!
GRAY: But you gotta address it, Mike...
TYSON: ...I did address it! [Exploding angrily] No! I did address it! I addressed it in the ring!
GRAY: Why did you do that though, Mike? I mean, was that the proper response?
TYSON: Look at me! Look at me! I gotta go home to my kids, they're gonna be scared of me! Look at me, man!

Harsh scuffle as Tyson storms off, surrounded by his sizeable entourage...

GRAY: Okay, okay...that's the story from back here, let's send it back out to you, Steve...

WE'D LIKE TO REMIND YOU THAT THE UNCENSORED CONTENT OF THIS MAGAZINE IS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE CONSTITUTION
The words we live by

To learn more about the Constitution write Constitution, Washington, D.C. 20009. The Commission on the Bicentennial of The U.S. Constitution. Ad Council

video reviews

W.A.S.P.

The Sting Live at the Key Club, L.A. DVD

Look, I'm the biggest W.A.S.P. guy I know, and it's difficult for *me* to watch this. I love that thundering, menacing sound that Blackie Lawless and Chris Holmes have always managed to pound out. But this video is embarrassing. And it's because of Blackie. The songs haven't changed; they're still monolithic exercises in catchy, pounding power metal. And when the band just goes up there and cranks 'em out, it's a good thing. Fat, foundation-shaking W.A.S.P. songs ("I Wanna Be Somebody," "Wild Child," "Blind in Texas"), I mean, come on... But then spotlight-horny Blackie has to get up there, behind his huge Harley macho mic-stand thing, and start talking totally corny arena shit to a tiny club crowd, and it's bad. Just shut up and kick ass.

-Sean Gamal

Motley Crue

Lewd, Crued & Tattooed Live DVD

(motley.com)

A great big ole rock show like they used to have in the '80's. A million lights, smoke bombs, flash pots, tons of hair, girls pulling up their shirts...ahh, the good old days. The boys sound surprisingly tight as they pound through all your faves ("Kickstart My Heart," "Live Wire," "Looks That Kill," "Piece of Your Action") and even a couple from 2000's *New Tattoo*. They're totally in their element here, rocking a packed arena, and since I have a fairly high tolerance for cheese, I can't really talk a bunch of trash about them doing what they do best.

The one thing that does irk me, though, is Vince's "singing." I don't know if he was out of breath from elevation sickness (this was filmed in Salt Lake City, after all) or what the deal was, but he sure sounded like it. Time and time again, instead of singing, he'd just kinda mouth out the syllables of the lyrics. Like in "Don't Go Away Mad," instead of "We were walking through some youth/Smiling through the pain," Vince sings something like "Walkie thew some you/Miley thew a payee." But then again, Motley's always been known for blowing doors off coliseums, not technical proficiency.

-Jason Olcott

Sports Night

DVD Collection – The Complete Series

As with most truly quality TV series, this one was cancelled after just two seasons. I can't imagine what must have been going through the heads of the network bosses who decided to axe such an enlightening, thought-provoking, captivating and funny show. Maybe they didn't get it. Maybe the subject matter just wasn't sleazy and stupid enough. Maybe they figured American TV viewers weren't equipped to deal with the show's more challenging themes. Whatever.

Included in this classy box-set are all 45 episodes as well as the pilot on six discs. It's a treasure trove of high-caliber, Emmy Award-winning television. Almost 18 hours of interesting plots, great, well-developed characters, powerful acting and high-energy comedy.

The show centers around the fast-paced behind-the-scenes dealings of a nightly cable sports news show. Think of peeking behind the curtain of SportsCenter right before air time, and you get the idea. The frantic pacing takes many forms, from the non-stop quick-witted dialog that most of the characters interact with, to the last minute decisions that must be made by the crew, to the flat-out racing around the studio, getting that video segue cued up. It's racy, kinetic, entertaining action packed into every episode.

Also packed into every episode is cutting edge writing, clever plotlines, unique twists and some of the most heart-wrenching scenes I've ever witnessed in a television show. And the acting. Wholly believable, interesting characters portrayed by some of the sharpest actors in the business, including the always remarkable Robert Guillaume. An absolute tour-de-force of television writing and acting.

Watch any episode in this massive collection and you'll see, in sharp relief, how poorly most other television shows fare in comparison. This is top-notch from beginning to end.

-D. Ray Morton

audio reviews

Dope Smoothie
For Milking
Elitist Low Brow Records (dopesmoothie.com)

Man, I am *totally into* this record. Despite myself. Y'see, I usually have very little time for subtlety and nuance, and even less time for bands that come out of left field with trippy songs. But goddamn if I can't stop listening to this thing. These Colorado-to-Seattle transplants are musically all over the board with this, their first full-length album, and it's just a treat to listen to.

It starts off almost folky with "Bertha," then heads into interesting, jazzy territory with "Cool Dark Spirit." They get all dark and dissonant on "Chevettes," take a sudden left turn into out and out (but irresistably cool) weirdness on "Raymond Daniel," then they give us the first semi-"normal" song on this thing with the great jangly-into-rocky "Sea of Green." And that's only the first five songs. There's 16 songs on this fucker! Wait till you hear the rousing get-the-whole-family-dancing "Hijo." What a cool song.

This unique three-piece draws you into their weird little world in a rather unconventional way. They don't have super-catchy choruses or arena-sized riffs designed for the masses. Your curiosity is piqued by the funky, warm mish-mash of their sound and you wanna listen closely to find out *what the fuck are these guys are up to?*...and by that time you're hooked. And damn happy about it.

Some review they included in their press kit talked about Radiohead and "soundscape" and "mystic dreaminess" and "dynamic tension" and The Pixies and Ween. I don't know about any of that (because I'm not really familiar with those bands, and I don't like the sound of those other terms), but I do know that this album is full of left-of-center coolness, with surprises around every corner.

-Jason Olcott

Backyard Babies
Making Enemies is Good
RCA

I remember reading a brutal review of this album. Tore it to shreds. Man, it was hateful. Slagged the band for being greedy posuers who jumped at the chance to kneel before the corporate overlord and service him with a smile. A perfect, ugly example of selling out to a major label. No way, I thought. Their last album, *Total Thirteen*, was so balls-out, so packed with frantic teeth-gritting rock n' roll abandon, it just couldn't be. And live, holy crap, these guys were fucking animals. I couldn't believe it. I wouldn't. So I went out and bought the album.

Well, I suppose that reviewer had a point. This is so slick, so overproduced, so tailored, it's almost no fun. Sad, really.

-Janey Tassajara

58

Diet for a New America

Americoma Records (58music.com)

A Nikki Sixx side-project, this band gives the motley one a little more room to stretch his lyrical boundaries. You won't find any arena-worthy sing-alongs about cars and girls here. He focuses on his other obsessions: his rock n' roll role models (the bleak "All of My Heroes are Dead"), despair/suicide ("Shopping Cart Jesus," "Song to Slit Your Wrists By," and the spoken "El Paso") and the world wide web ("Piece of Candy," with a great anthem-y chorus eerily reminiscent of The Sweet).

The music, executed by Sixx, writing partner David Darling, Steve Gibb and a guy called Bucket Baker, is a flavorful, hard-edged mix of guitar-bass-n'-drums and electronic crunch. I'm not really into that whole synthesized industrial rock thing (you know, with that electronic syncopated drum sound that NIN used so much), but they use it judiciously enough to make this thing work.

It's not something that I'm gonna listen to everyday, but if I'm in a Nikki Sixx mood, or is I just wanna hear that cool, electrified version of "Alone Again (Naturally)", I'll be glad I have this.

-Jason Olcott

The Donnas

Spend the Night

Atlantic

Gloriously sophomoric rock pounded out by four girls who've taken on the name Donna. Imagine this. All the girls you ever wanted in the 8th grade formed a band and they sing snotty rock songs about how they know you wanted them. It's not feminism, really, because they're *into* the fact that you wanted them. They just want to sing punchy, sloppy rock songs like "Take Me to the Backseat," "Who Invited You," and "You Wanna Get Me High." And in doing so, cranking out proto-AC/DC and early Crue riffs, they end up being the chicks who have more balls than you ever did. And now you want her more than you ever did before. Mission accomplished. Congrats, ladies.

-D. Ray Morton

Suplecs

Sad Songs...Better Days

Man's Ruin Records (band: Box 850185, New Orleans, LA 70185-0185/suplecs@earthlink.com)

This ably-talented trio from New Orleans offers up this 10-track take on "stoner rock." Not to pigeonhole the band, but I see how somebody could put this on and envision, oh, I don't know, a hazy roomful of people (a few of whom could well use a shower) with a big hookah on the table, a backpack with a 420 patch and maybe a bong that someone's named. Bassist Danny Nick shines with his nimble fingers and his chugging bass, which seems to me to be the driving force of this band. They've got some real good tight riffs (like on the standout "Out of Town") and their approach is at times wailing, at times fuzzed-out, mixed in with a couple extended mellow groove-jams. Not really my cup of tea, but they do it pretty well.

-Ernie Toledo

Del Amitri

Can You Do Me Good?

A & M Records (German Import, cat.# 4932162)

So let me get this straight. This marginally-successful Scottish pop combo has somehow managed to make consistently great records for like 17 years? And this new one doesn't sound like anything they've ever done before and it just might be their best? Yeah.

-Jason Olcott

Halford
Crucible
Metal-I's Records

So what has the ol' Metal God been up to? Unleashing another slab of screaming heavy metal, that's what. It is so cool to see Rob managed to keep together the same team that gave us 2000's *Resurrection* (which absolutely rocked).

Crucible, of course, is no-bones-about-it metal (it is Rob Halford, after all), but has an overall heavier, darker feel. Where *Resurrection* was like a kick in the head, *Crucible* is a kick in the gut. The guitars are a little lower and meatier, the drums and bass a little more thunderous and Rob's vocals continue to be the epitome of what a heavy metal singer should aspire to.

Highlights include "One Will" which sports an absolute unabashed guitar-tribute to Slayer (the solo is an over-the-top dose of mindless noodling with abundant whammy bar abuse), and this is a good thing. "Betrayal" starts with the double-bass drum thunder we all love, and is topped off by Rob's unearthly screeching vocals.

"Handing Out Bullets" goes onto my list of the most brutal, devastating heavy metal songs of all time. The vocals are simply amazing: a double layer of the Metal God's might (a harmonization of his "normal" singing voice and that raging scream-voice he is so famous for). It's the kind of song that gives you the uncontrollable *need* to head-bang. And play air guitar. And scowl. The lyrics illuminate the dark hypocrisy of some organized religions, and they do it brilliantly; I still find my jaw dropping when I hear them.

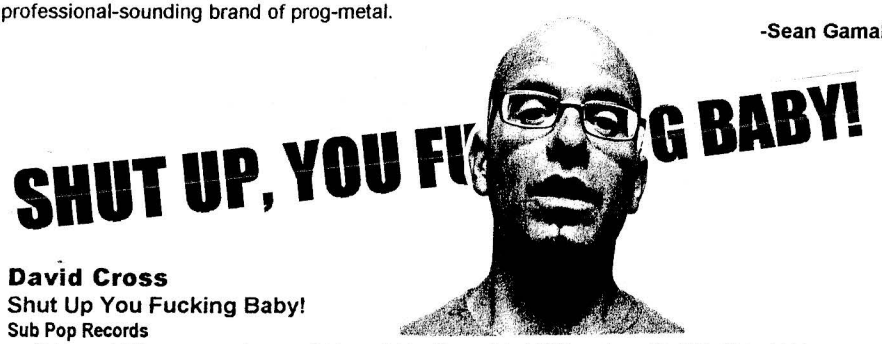
In the end, if you were ever a Judas Priest or Fight fan, you need this record. Hell, if you love any type of heavy metal, go buy this now.

-Forrest H. Wilson

Electric Jesus
Dragonfly
Dragonfly Records (Electric-Jesus.com)

Well. These boys obviously take their metal very seriously. Cut after cut of tight, polished progressive metal is what we have here. Yeah, it has a tendency to get a bit laborious after a while, but ya can't say they can't play. This is clearly not some half-ass side project for these guys. You can tell that whatever time they have left over after writing, recording and practicing, is spent practicing some more. And listening to Dream Theater. Singer Michael Garcia is just that: a singer. Not your typical screamer/hesher most metal bands throw out front, he's got a legitimately good, strong voice and he controls it well. Perfect match for their accomplished, professional-sounding brand of prog-metal.

-Sean Gamal



David Cross
Shut Up You Fucking Baby!
Sub Pop Records

I'd heard this guy was funny. I'd heard *Mr. Show* (his HBO series with Bob Odenkirk) was funny. And now that I've listened to this double-CD set (a whole bunch of times), I know why. I'd like to throw my hat into the ring now. This guy IS funny. He's not your typical comic who glad-hands you with cute little pieces about the differences between men and women and "hey didja ever notice...?" stuff. He's got a whole sackful of very sharp, pointed takes on biggies like The Bible and politics and the entertainment industry and our elected leaders, and he rambles them out like the funny guy at the party who's riffing HARD, standing in the kitchen next to the keg, not really drinking.

His conversational delivery is piercing, as he effortlessly takes on different personalities and absolutely busts out a handful of voices that are hilarious. His rollerblader, his redneck and his flag-waving trophy wife are insane. He's loose and comfortable onstage, that's obvious, but you can tell by the grit in his voice (and by how often and how harshly he says all the different variations of "fuck"), this stuff burns deeply for him. Strange, I suppose, to be so entertained and driven to laughter while a guy riffs about stuff like priests raping little boys ("perfect ruby starfruit," Dave??!! Jeezis!), but that's what comedy's all about. I laugh my ass off every time I listen to this. And I listen to it all the time.

-Jason Olcott

Ponticello

Down Like Mercury

Ponticellomusic.com

This follow-up to '99's outstanding *Dark Skies* sees this Seattle three-piece delving deeper into their bag of audio goodness. The thing that hits you right off about these guys is an unmistakable mood in their music. Is it melancholy? Lonliness? Regret? Introspection? Well...not exactly. I can't nail it down, but when passionate, measured-out drum licks (courtesy of Sean Shacklett) are combined with a thumping, focused bass line (Ted Kamp) and finished off with a tasteful, expressive violin (Chris Murphy), a certain toned-down feeling is related. And it is good.

This is no hoedown fiddle picker, mind you. Murphy doesn't step into the spotlight at the middle of every song and tear into a little "Foggy Mountain Breakdown." This is not violin used as an effect.. This is a classy, rich integral part of this band, that gives it such a style and substance, it's gorgeous.

I suppose it's hard to imagine a violin being in a rock n' roll band, but not only does it work, it opens up all kinds of atmospheric doors that they wouldn't have otherwise. Kamp's plaintive singing ties it all up and beauties like "No Getting Around It," "Heat Into Light" and "Perfectly Devine" are the lovingly textured results. A solid effort all the way around.

-Jason Olcott

Hayseed Dixie

A Hillbilly Tribute to AC/DC

Dualtone Records (dualtone.com)

Precisely what it says it is. Four backwoods country hicks (think overalls, bare feet and one kick-ass mullet) armed with three guitars and one smokin' fiddle re-do AC/DC classics, down-home style! Yeah, it's funny and the kitsch-factor is huge, but these guys really tear these songs up. When they get up on "Dirty Deeds," "Have a Drink on Me" and "T.N.T" (or "Let's Get it Up," or...) and burn these songs to the ground, you just might take these talented hillbillies for real. A must for AC/DC freaks and fans of blazin' country pickin'.

-Mike Aruki

Dylan Hicks

Won

No Alternative Records

When the revolution comes, when music fans the world over finally tire of listening to drab, syrupy songs about how dreary and dreadful everything is, it'll be folks like Dylan Hicks who'll be leading the dance. His loose, happy rootsy rock n' roll will rise to the top and get everyone shaking their butts again, sweating and dancing – and most importantly, wearing big ole grins on their faces.

There must be a lot of good, fresh air and bright sunshine in and around Minnesota, because that area seems to have a knack for producing lighthearted fun rock n' roll. (Give a listen to the Gear Daddies or Martin Zellar or any number of other bands from there and try to argue.) Anyway, Dylan's got no time for moaning or complaining or philosophising or politicizing or anything of the sort. He spends his time singing clever rock n' roll songs about things that tend to make folks smile. Hell, when I listen to "Screw You (And Screw Your Friends)," or "Police State," or "Foxie Lamotta," or the brilliantly-executed "Hal Blaine," I start grinning like a kid on Pirates of the Carribean for the first time.

Get a jump on the revolution. Quit moping around, raise the shades, put on this great record and feel what it's like to listen to good old fun rock n' roll again. (*If your local record store is stocked to the rafters with glum-rock and industro-rap-metal, with no space for Mr. Hicks' album, write to: No Alternative, 2217 Nicollet Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55404. I'll pay for the stamp.*)

-Jason Olcott

Todd Snider

New Connection

Oh Boy Records (ohboy.com)

Portland's Todd Snider comes back again with yet another solid record. And it's chock full of the stuff that I keep buying his records for. Clever, inventive songwriting; that friendly, welcoming folksy vibe; that loose, back-porch acoustic guitar; a roll-with-it sense humor and the kind of touching insights that make you take a big sigh. I love all that shit.

His voice is a bit more gravelly this time around, and I get the feeling he's been hanging out with (label-mate) John Prine quite a bit. His songs have just a touch more gravity to 'em now, and something tells me he has a little more invested in them. The Prine cover "Crooked Piece of Time," (with the man himself) is a nice turn, and fits perfectly into this little collection.

Snider's still got his tongue in his cheek, and he's still got a hankerin' to tell you about it. Witness the quick-witted rapid-fire of "Vinyl Records" or the keen, dexterous writing of the fiddle-flavored "Beer Run." "Statistician's Blues" has Snider at his most amusing, and the loose, ragtime-y shuffle of "Broke" frames the lyrics beautifully.

Start to finish, this is a great record from one talented songwriter.

-Ernie Toledo

Bill Hicks

Love, Laughter and Truth

Rykodisc Records

You're gonna find this in the 'comedy' section at your local independent record store. But Bill Hicks wasn't a comedian. He was a guy who had a lot of messages to deliver. Just so happened a lot of what he said was funny. So, I imagine, he took on the 'comedian' mantle. After all, comedians get to walk on stage with a microphone in front of rooms full of people who are there to listen. I figure Bill realized this at an early age and figured this was as good a way as any to get his ideas out. And his ideas were bursting out of him.

Bill Hicks died at 32 in 1994. Pancreatic cancer. He released four professionally-recorded albums (two posthumously) on Rykodisc. The clarity and truth (and popularity) of his "comedy bits" has transcended time and his fame today is greater than it was when the boy was around. So the record label and Hicks' estate delved into his private collection (Bill's own show tapes, which he regularly recorded) and came up with this collection. It's rocky and uneven at times, a bit hissy here and there, but well worth it.

Bill was bummed out and ANGRY about the state of the world. Stuff like: a) the American Way; b) folks not seeing the big picture; c) drug laws; and d) the Law in general. He knew everything could be so much better. He talked about it. He joked about it. He screamed about it. A lot of it is TRUTH, and so much of it is so funny.

-Jason Olcott

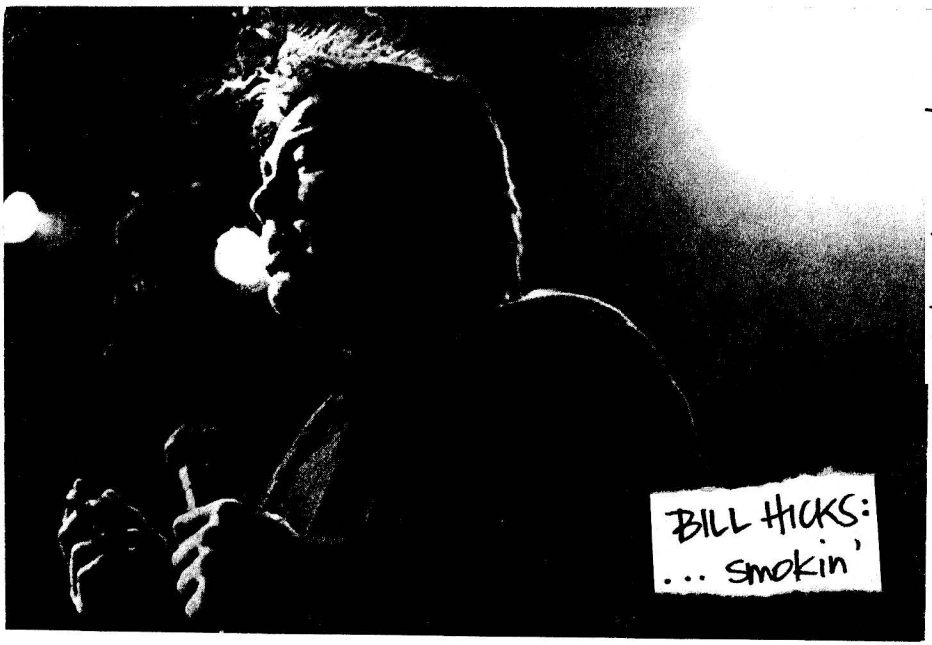
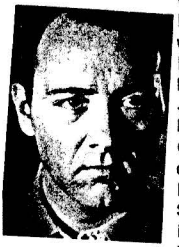


Photo Graham Haber, NYC

Timeless Dialog ★ ★ ★ ★

This bit comes from Glengarry GlenRoss, a riveting movie set in the world of high-power real estate sales. It takes a tight, smart look into the desperate lives of salesmen on the edge who'll do anything to close a deal. Based on David Mamet's Pulitzer Prize-winning play and fleshed out by a brilliant all-star cast, this thing is a scorcher from opening to closing credits. (This one's for Troy -ed.)



We join the action at the beginning of a "sales conference":
Blake (Alec Baldwin): Let me have your attention for a moment. Because you're talkin' about what? You're talking about...bitchin' about that sale you shot, some son of a bitch don't wanna buy land, somebody don't want what you're sellin', some broad you're trying to screw, so forth. Let's talk about something important. Are they all here?
John Williamson (Kevin Spacey): All but one.
Blake: Well I'm goin' anyway. Let's talk about something important. Put that coffee down. Coffee's for closers only. You think I'm fuckin' with you? I am not fuckin' with you. I'm here from downtown. I'm here from Mitch and Murray. And I'm here on a mission of mercy. You're name's Levene?
Shelley "The Machine" Levene (Jack Lemmon): Yeah...
Blake: You call yourself a salesman, you son of a bitch?
Dave Moss (Ed Harris): I don't gotta listen to this shit...

Blake: You certainly don't, pal. Because the good news is, you're fired. The bad news is, you've got, all you've got, just one week to regain your jobs. Starting with tonight. Starting with tonight's sit. Oh. Have I got your attention now? Good. Because we're adding a little something to this month's sales contest. As you all know, first prize is a Cadillac ElDorado. Anybody wanna see second prize? Second prize, a set of steak knives. Third prize is you're fired. You get the picture? You laughing now? You've got leads. Mitch and Murray paid good money. Get their names to sell them. You can't close the leads you're given, you can't close shit, you ARE shit, hit the bricks pal, and beat it, 'cuz you are going out.
Levene: The leads are weak.
Blake: The leads are weak. Fuckin' leads are weak? You're weak. I've been in this business fifteen years...
Moss: What's your name?

Blake: Fuck you! That's my name. You know why, mister? 'Cuz you drove a Hyundai to get here tonight, I drove an $80,000 BMW. That's my name. And your name is you're wanting. And you can't play in the man's game? You can't close them? Then go home and tell your wife your troubles. Because only one thing counts in this life: get them to sign on the line which is dotted! You hear me, you fuckin' faggots?
(Writing on the blackboard) A, B, C. A, Always; B, Be; C, Closing. Always be closing. Always be closing! A, I, D, A. Attention, Interest, Decision, Action. Attention, do I have your attention? Interest, are you interested? I know you are, 'cuz it's fuck or walk. You close or you hit the bricks. Decision, have you made your decision for Christ? And Action. A, I, D, A.. Get out there. You got the prospects coming in. You think they came in to get out of the rain? A guy don't walk on the lot lest he wants to buy! They're sitting out there waiting to give you their money! Are you gonna take it? Are you man enough to take it? What's the problem, pal? You, Moss...
Moss: You're such a hero, you're so rich, how come you're comin' down here, waste your time with such a bunch of bums?
Blake: You see this watch? (Taking it off) You see this watch?
Moss: Yeah...
Blake: That watch costs more than your car. I made $970,000 last year, how much you make? You see pal, that's who I am, and you're nothing. Nice guy? I don't give a shit. Good father? Fuck you! Go home and play with your kids. You wanna work here, close! You think this is abuse? (To **George Aranow [Alan Arkin]**)You think this is abuse, you cocksucker? You can't take this, how can you take the abuse you get on a sit? You don't like it, leave.
I can go out there tonight, the materials you got, make myself $15,000. Tonight! In two hours! Can you? Can you? Go and do likewise. A, I, D, A. Get MAD, you son of a bitches! Get mad! You know what it takes to sell real estate? It takes brass balls to sell real estate.
Go and do likewise, gents. The money's out there, you pick it up, it's yours, you don't I got no sympathy for you. You wanna go out on those sits tonight and close, CLOSE, it's yours. Not, you're gonna be shinin' my shoes. And you know what you'll be sayin'? A bunch of losers sittin' around in a bar, "Oh yeah, I used to be a salesman, it's a tough racket."
(Williamson hands Blake a neat stack of cards)
Blake: These are the new leads. These are the Glengarry leads. And to you, they're gold. And you don't get them. Why? Because to give them to you is just throwing them away. They're for closers. I'd wish you good luck but you wouldn't know what to do with it if you got it. And to answer your question, pal (to Moss), why am I here? I came here because Mitch and Murray asked me to. They asked me for a favor, I said the real favor, follow my advice and fire your fuckin' ass, because a loser is a loser.

THE Chunk TOP 20

(The stuff we just can't stop listening to...)

1. TIE: "My Own War"/"Dream, Dream, Dream" -- **Bombshell Rocks** -- Two storming tracks off the brand new one (*From Here And On*) from these Swedish powerhouses of burly punk rock.

2. "Go Go Girl" -- **RC5** -- A full-throttle punk rock n' roll song with more guts and bigger balls than you can imagine.

3. *Guilty as Charged* (the whole album) -- **Culprit** -- A raw metal album that roars out of my collection every few weeks or so and demands volume. A stripped-down ass-kicking classic. I'll say it again: please, somebody, release this fucker on CD.

4. *Shut Up, You Fucking Baby!* (the whole double-album) -- **David Cross** -- A multi-faceted, non-stop barrage of hilarious insights and observations from this conversational-style comic. Endlessly listenable.

5. *Sacrifice* (the whole album) -- **Motorhead** -- Once this thing starts, you can't turn it off. And once it ends, you almost have to start it again. Thanks, Erick.

6. "Vinyl Records" -- **Todd Snider**
7. "Buttons On My Clothes" -- **Del Amitri**
8. "Heat Into Light" -- **Ponticello**
9. "Take It Off" -- **The Donnas**
10. "Lee" -- **Tenacious D**
11. "Sea of Green" -- **Dope Smoothie**
12. "Hallowed Be Thy Name" -- **Iron Maiden**
13. TIE: "Breakin Up"/"Long Distance"/"Original Me" -- **ALL**
14. "Mr. Speed" -- **KISS**
15. "Got A Weekend" -- **RC5**
16. TIE: "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down"/"If You Don't Like Hank Williams" -- **Kris Kristofferson**
17. "The Sentinel" -- **Judas Priest**
18. "Take Me to the Pilot" (1970) -- **Elton John**
19. "Way of the World" -- **Cheap Trick**
20. *Brave New World* (the whole album) -- **Iron Maiden**

FOREHEAD'S LIST OF BRUTAL, DEVASTATING HEAVY METAL SONGS:

(NOT NECESSARILY IN ORDER, AND BY NO MEANS COMPLETE)

1. "Handing Out Bullets" -- **Halford**
2. "Black Friday" -- **Megadeth**
3. "Creeping Death" -- **Metallica**
4. "Beyond the Doors of the Dark" -- **Savatage**
5. "Reign of Fire" -- **Armored Saint**
6. "Fast as a Shark" -- **Accept**
7. "Painkiller" -- **Judas Priest**
8. "Take No Prisoners" -- **Megadeth**
9. "Mob Rules" -- **Black Sabbath**
10. "Disposable Heroes" -- **Metallica**

-Forrest H. Wilson

PENTECOSTAL CATHEDRAL OF FAITH CHURCH OF GOD IN CHRIST
PENTECOSTAL EXPLOSION
2002
JUNE 2 - 9
Finding Your Place in The Kingdom
"UNDERSTANDING DIVINE ORDER"
RESERVED FOR PASTOR D.L.THOMAS
RESERVED FOR BISHOP A.L.THOMAS

A Thousand Words Photography